

Ajju Darling

**Multi-lingual, Historio-Cultural,
Poetic Play with Five Acts**

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**Multi-Lingual, Historio-Cultural,
Poetic Play in Five Acts**

By

Saadat Ali Khan Noahani

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	Tel: +92-03353654727
Email:	saadatakhan8@gmail.com

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Mr. Husnain
Department of English
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**To the Lord of heavens and of earth,
I humbly dedicate this work...**

O humanity! Indeed, we created you from a male and a female, and made you into races and tribes so that you may 'get to' know one another. Surely the most noble of you in the sight of Allah is the most righteous among you. Allah is truly All-Knowing, All-Aware.

(Surah Al-Hujurat: Al-Quran)

Dil main Samaaya jab sey us taajWar ka daR,

Manzil meri talash maiN phirti ha darr badaR.

Trans:

Ever since the love of that Emperor (Prophet Muhammad SAW) has entered into my heart,

The destinations roam around in search of me.

PREFACE

In class nine I came to know about cultural and racial struggle for supremacy when my grandma said that wisdom was a special trait of whitemen; a colonial impact it was. I was quite amazed to listen to it and being a free spirit instinctually, I couldn't digest it. I presented her a number of examples from history how the Eastern people had ruled the world through science and technology. We are proud of having a very rich history of culture, traditions, music, dance, literature and languages. All the world is using Arabic numerals and Indian zero. Europe is indebted to the Sanskrit roots in their languages. The whole world has been using Chinese silk and Indian spices in food since time immemorial. The African art of making pyramids and mummification has left the scientists baffled. Love, an essence of all religions, says Rumi. The roots of all the divine religions especially Abrahmic religions are to be found in the East. The festivals of Eids, Holi, Christmas and The Easter are celebrated across the world. I've written this poetic play as a challenge to present my cultural roots which are rich and admirable. Modern

development in all the spheres is an outcome of collective human wisdom. It is not an outcome of whiteman's burden:

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman.

(John Ball)

In literature, to me the final meaning isn't what the reader directly perceives or wants to discern; though I cordially accept it for it makes a piece of literature rich for being looked through infinite number of lenses involving different perspectives. Most often a writer tries his best to deliver the melodic symphonies that heaven reveals on his heart, the text which the readers on a certain level of understanding often miss due to personal persistent liking owing to a myopic imaginative level. The objective with which a reader reads a text, gives him or her the relevant information of its contents, contained in it or the vice versa. That's why we appreciate the writers having relevant traits or choices, and we cherish trail of ideas treasured in ourselves, no matter if they are pithy, lowly or melodious one. For most of the time, people's bent of mind is caught in the playful things, that's why, people unknowingly reject great writers and their writings during their lifetime on the basis of personal likes and dislikes, or on the basis of social literary stream that prevails at that time, or most often in the shadow aligned to the ruling regime, that intoxicates the public at large to engage or fix them in the petty business of life and living to contain them at distance from the business

of state politics. It happens often during the lifetime of many writers though it is history that establishes the true worth of someone's greatness as a writer like Mirza Asad Ullah Ghalib, John Keats and Emily Dickinson. We must try our best to understand what the author means, as it needs to explore the mind and mood of the writer as a thinker, a teacher and a bard. We should try to enjoy the experience running through the writer's mind at that certain point of time if possible. We must endeavor to explore the mood and passion of the author, the pain and twitches of his soul and the mirth innate, impartially. Otherwise, we tend to miss out essential and core spirit of the written text.

Saadat Ali Khan

Assistant Professor,
Government Graduate College (B) S/T Gujranwala.

Act I

Scene I

Sial International Airport, Sialkot.

In the early afternoon, a delegation of literary researchers from Harvard University USA is received by the GIFT University, Gujranwala administration headed by professor Sadiq Sherwani from the Sial International Airport, Sialkot (just a few miles away from the venue) soon after they landed. They are here to witness the multicultural programs going to take place in the university lawn and laterly in dramatic theater. African, Indo-Parthian Buddhist, Persian, Punjabi and English cultural, poetic presentations will be performed and they will also visit the different locations historio-culturally relevant to it, to complete their research-based study tour of the world's ancient civilizational basis, located in Pakistan.

Act I

Scene II

GIFT University Lawn, Gujranwala.

Professor Sadiq Sherwani, a jolly fellow, is busy managing the 'Literary Night' festival: himself, all literature: immersed in poetry, drama and fiction, it apparently seems that he is keen to learn and teach. Now, with his colleagues, university administration and students, he is desperately waiting for the delegation of research scholars of Multilingual, Multicultural Studies, imminent to join them in the 'Literary Night' annual festival, here in the lawn. There is a huge crowd of students and teachers of literature to witness the beautiful celebrations of Baisakhi (Punjabi New year harvest festive day 14th April), boys and girls are equally eager to welcome the guests with bouquets in their hands, cameras are switched on to catch and immortalize the comely memories. Punjabi music is playing in the background. There is fragrance of jasmine flowers in the air, it is slightly cold, starry late evening, quite silent with intermittent cooing of cuckoos, and an ecstatic hush in the restless eyes of the students. Stage is floodlit colorfully, ready for the performances due by the performers of

English literature and media studies at GIFT University, Gujranwala.

The hosts and the foreign delegation consist of;

- i. *American-Romanian Professor, Elena Rogojina, much too interested in the Greco-Roman and Indian history, languages, mythology and antique geographic locations. She is in her mid-thirties, quite a charming, young and smart fellow.*
- ii. *Professor Amrit Kaur, turns to be Hamina Suraj, a young, juvenile epitome of South-Asian beauty. She is thirty-nine though but she is a confirmed spinster and a fourth or more rightly a fifth wave feminist all the way. Her America settled mother Freeha is a Muslim, who was kidnapped during the partition of the sub-continent in 1947 by the men of Dilber Singh, a Zaildar, while migrating from Indian Punjab to Pakistan. Dilber was issueless so he adopted her. She was a teenager at that time. Laterly, she was married to his nephew Dr. Suraj Singh who settled in America. Freeha, though in a tie of forced marriage and youthful Western aspirations, remained a true Muslim. So now she is anxiously desirous of strongly advocating her only child to marry a Muslim. However, Amrit fell in love with Multi-cultural Studies and became women right's activist instead. She is greatly in favor of the West, and Western lifestyle. She is a realist.*

- iii. *Dr. Sadiq Sherwani is a visiting professor at GIFT University, Gujranwala: poetry, drama and fiction writer in English, Urdu, Punjabi and Persian. He visited Harvard University USA for doctoral research last year.*

Both Amrit Kaur and Dr. Sadiq come to know each other so deeply for a while. However, they bear great differences in thoughts and opinions which seem to restrain the flow of emotions, especially when Amrit is a realist researcher and Sadiq Sherwani is a romanticist poet, a dreamer and an idealist; further, their hot discussions and contradictory point of view on neo-colonial imperialism imposed and propagated by the world powers, as USA, one of the leading super powers created a schism between them. She is openly in favor of the American supremacy over other nations, highly endorsing, "there's survival of the fittest."

- iv. *Prof. Machiko Shunatsu from Japan is a research scholar of Buddhist ancient places. She is here to visit the home of the ancient Buddhist monasteries, especially 'The Stone Temple' at Takht Bahi, Mardan.*
- v. *Prof. Sani Kasim Ghabi is a young poet and an erudite researcher. He is American-Nigerian. He is a postcolonial poetic voice of Africa. He speaks loudly against the inhuman criminal acts committed by Western colonial powers like cutting of lips, ears and nose: displacement, diaspora, exiles and imprisonments, especially solitary. He is also a studious reader of geography as he widely read geographic research claiming that the subcontinent was a part of Africa many hundred and thousand years ago; which, due*

to a great earthquake drifted and struck to Asian tectonic plates and created the world's highest but youngest chain of mountains viz. 'The Himalayas.' He is a great admirer of Himalaya's, a paradisiacal region, the home of ancient civilizations and the people who are now living over there, that's why he is here to see the ruins and to meet the people. He has written English songs and poetry to make his visit memorable. One of his songs, an African drum song on a high beat in chorus is already shared by him.

- vi. *Professor John met Sadiq Sherwani at Harvard University as a fellow researcher but soon they became buddies. However, John is not with the visitors owing to some personal preoccupations.*
- vii. *Professor Dr. M.R. Gohar is a renowned poet and a fiction writer.*
- viii. *Professor Sarwat Suhail is a celebrated Urdu poet and a multi-lingual translator.*
- ix. *Professor Sagar Sani is a prominent Urdu poet.*
- x. *Professor Annette Nasser is a poet and faculty member of the English dept. GIFT University.*
- xi. *Chairman Board of Governors GIFT University Gujranwala.*
- xii. *VC GIFT University.*

- xiii. *The chair of the Department of English Language and Literature GIFT University.*

Places:

- i. *Tilla Jogiyan and Chaj Doab is the birthplace of the famous Heer and Ranjha's legendary Punjabi love story imagined by Punjabi poet Waris Shah. The famous saga took place in the adjacent jungles of the Chenab and the Jhelum Rivers: Jhelum is important because of its historical location, Porus the raja of a small northern Indian state of Punjab with his peasant army gave a fierce fight to the Imperial Greece army led by Alexander the Great near it. In the battle, one of the Punjabi archer's arrow hitted his ribcage that's why he left Indian soil forth with to die so young. Near that place lived a renowned Muslim Scientist Al-Bīrūnī (973–1048), who devised a unique method of determining the Earth's radius by means of the observation of the height of a mountain. He carried it out at 'Nandana,' Pind Dadan Khan, Jhelum. He used trigonometry to calculate the radius of the Earth using measurements of the height of a hill and measurement of the dip in the horizon from the top of that hill. His calculated radius for the Earth i.e. 3928.77 miles was merely 2% greater than the actual mean radius i.e. 3847.80 miles accepted now.*
- ii. *Takht-e-Baburi, Takht-e-Babri is a flat stage and throne that was cut out of a black stone on the behest of 1st Mughal Emperor Babur (1483 – 1530) the tiger, to address his army*

while coming down from Kabul in the quest of the crown of Delhi, near "Kallar Kahar;" a child of Kashmir due to its natural beauty and charming weather, also for being a natural sanctuary of peacocks, though, now it's reduced due to increased population around.

- iii. *Takht Bahi, (Throne of Origins) is a monastic complex, founded in the early 1st century A.D., is spectacularly positioned on various hilltops near to it. It is a beautiful and the central place of Indo-Parthian civilization. This monastic 'Stone Temple' is near Mardan, Peshawar, KPK. It was destroyed by the nomadic Huns.*

Act I

Scene III

GIFT University Lawn

Performances on the stage will begin after the guests step in the lawn. All the students are seated comfortably, a group of performers in Punjabi dresses, starts Luddi dance while the drums give a pure cultural Punjabi beat with Luddi Hejamalo Pao, dunya tey piyar milay... song by Madam Noor Jehan as Play back till the guests are welcomed by the administration and seated comfortably, while a musical ensemble is also present. Audience clap to applaud. University lawn is beautifully lit and decorated with seasonal flowers. Floral stage is a little lower than the seated spectators on the three sides, where performances are going to take place in an aromatic atmosphere. Students: male and female, in colors, are fully ecstatic with the freshening feelings of the cultural festival.

Stage is hosted by a pair of students; English language is used as the medium.

A unique thing is that, at the end of each performance, the performers come down to the central seats of the foreign guests and present a rose flower to Amrit Kaur before going to their seats. She receives it, smells its fragrance and puts it in front of her on the neat glass table, one after another.

First dramatic act is performed by the two students on a translated quatrain by Molana Rumi, a great Islamic Sufi, scholar and poet.

Stage lights go off. A boy with an antique lighted lantern/lamp in hand appears and the other from the other side, the one who questions him at last. Both are garbed in Rumi hoodies. It is a performance with a message to stay always hopeful even in the harshest moments of life: the first performer speaks thus:

"By yester-eve with a lamp in hand,

The shaikh did all the city span,

Sick of mere ghosts he sought a man,

But I could find none in all the land...

"I, a **Rustam** or a **Haider** seek,

I'm sick of snails, am sick," he said,

"There's none," said I. He shook his head,

"There's none like them, but still I seek..."

He looks into different directions like the peddlers in the 'Waiting for Godot.'

Next performance is a classical song sung in Purbi-Urdu classic by a fake classical master musician, Ustad Azmat Ali Khan, alias Aiju Khan, a prominent singer from the musician's family Sham Chaurasi, in the Patiala attire with a Sitar in front, behind him is 'Bara Darri;' nobody could identify him in his Patiala costumes. However, Amrit Kaur had traced little clues about the real Ustad when he presented her rose while looking into her bluish green eyes with a known smile: He sings...

Music: raga...

AAAAAAA...

Laakh jataN kiay, Neer Niwaa'ay,

Laakh jataN kiay, Neer Niwaa'ay,

AAAAAAA...

Pass WO phir b meray dilber Na a'ay.

Pass WO phir b meray dilber Na a'ay.

Laakh jataN kiay, Neer Niwaa'ay,

Haath Wo phir b meray dilber na a'ay.

Baith rahay hen uskay chernuN main ja k,

Koochey say uskay koi Qasid Na A'ay.

Laakh jataN kiay, Neer Niwaa'ay,

Laakh jataN kiay, Neer Niwaa'ay.

AAAAAAA...

Trans:

I made numerous strives, and wept in tears,
I made numerous strives, and wept in tears,
Still, my sweetheart isn't mine.
Still, my sweetheart isn't mine.
I made numerous strives, and wept in tears,
Still, I'm unable to get my sweetheart.
Sit in (my messengers); near her feet so humbly.
From my beloved's street messengers go, never to
comeback, being mesmerized.

Third performance is a Punjabi duet: the singers are in cultural Punjabi dresses appearing as Heer, a beloved and Ranjha the lover, with fife in hand, roaming in a typical jungle:

Music:

Ne ik waari aakh tey sahi,
TuuN chan tey maiN aaN Chakori.

Wei ik wari aakh tey sahi,
Wei ik wari aakh tey sahi.

Wei tuuN kadi mil tey sahi,
Dunya tuN chori chori.

KhasmaN khaneiy waddan paindeiY,
Dunya deiY dastoor.

Husn jawani Heer dey werga,
MaiN beilaY de hoor.

LuK chhup sanuuN Qaido vaikhey,
BeileY da sung-choor.

Ne main tera Dheedo Ranjha,
Vaikh kidda majboor.

Ne main tera Dheedu Ranjhna,
TuuN Jhang beileY de hoor.

At the end, a great applause from the spectators. Foreign guests are discussing about the performance. As it is in Punjabi language and it is a little bit difficult for them to understand, except Amrit Kaur, as she is the daughter of Punjabi parents.

Amrit: It is a very beautiful song.

Prof: Yes, my dear! It is written by a Punjabi lyricist.

Amrit: It presented the heart touching feelings of the lover and beloved in a quite Indian and Eastern style.

Prof: Well! Eastern style has got currency everywhere. It is now current in all the people, as the world has become a

global village. You might have American or English cultural lovers in your mind like those of Romeo and Juliet...etc.

Amrit: Oh no! Professor, my mother belongs to a family that settled in a nearby district: Faisalabad after partition, near Heer's city Jhang, that's why I know Punjabi culture, cultural love heroes like Heer Ranjha, Sohni Mahinwal and Rawal Jugni etc. Moreover, my father's family was basically from Rawalpindi, who migrated to Amritsar, India after the partition of the sub-continent.

Prof: Oh! I see. That's wonderful to hear. It means there is nothing new for you? *He seems a little perplexed*

Amrit: No, no, it is all new for me; except the names of these cultural heroes that my mother would mention time and again. She has a great love for Punjab and these places that's why I'm quite comfortable in the research work that I am undertaking; and now, I am here along with my research team, as I am quite curious to visit the relevant places as well.

Elena: I think we must watch this performance...I am quite ecstatic... I feel like I'm in a world other than the world where we lived earlier...

Next performance is by a robust university fellow, a beautiful soldierly young man in royal attire as General SURENA being a Parthian Prince stalks in on the stage. Along with him appears a beautiful princely beauty, CHAGORI, following him, royally dressed. Imagine that the Prince Surena has returned after giving Carrasus, (a Roman General) crushing defeat in the war of Carrhae (53BC) where all the Roman army is completely ruined by his well-trained army. Carrasus' head molten in gold is

*hanging along the neck of his royal black horse like a goat in **Buzkashi**.*

*His horse is neighing near the royal lake, full of **lotus** flowers (lotus represents purity of the body, speech and mind, as if floating above the murky waters of material attachment and physical desire) behind them is the beautiful place where “The Stone Temple” was built afterwards: General is on the right side, he holds the hand of princess in his left hand, pats it with love and kisses it, then moves forward, suddenly he feels himself in a trance like hallucination; a misty but beautiful scene appears before him. He visions his ideal, Emperor Chandragupta Maurya, a beautiful but strong man in his late forties, as muscular as he is a beautiful Punjabi man, an amalgam of Kamadev and Maruti, with his Greek consort, Princess Helena; as beautiful as Greek goddess Aphrodite or Hindu deity Apsaras, on his right side while an Indian scimitar is hanging along her gemstone buckled golden belt. Chandragupta moves forward patting Surena’s shoulder with love congratulating him at his admirable success against the Romans in Carrahea. Surena is in a trance while looking at them continuously...*

Princess Helena stops in the mid of beautiful lawn near the flowers while emperor Chandragupta caresses her long curly golden hair, face to face, hands in hands: a dialogic performance starts; The Dialogues start...

"Love in the Temple"

Chandra: Behold, O' Temple Rose...

This is the old temple,

Where once we loved.
Do you remember...?
The caresses, "O! Beloved."
The spring, the wind,
The fragrance of marigold,
Golden shower and the rose,
Standing along the manifold.
Coo of the Cuckoos and,
How did the peacocks cocked...
Do you remember....?
Helena: Whilst you whispered.
Those sweetheart songs
In my ears like a Pheasant band.
Heartiest emotions of my love,
Your hands in my hands...
I couldn't speak,
Even a word...
My heart beat...
You lived it longer than I did,
You did me-self adore,

Chandra: Aren't these steps?

On which you ran,

Knowingly...

To be chased,

To be caught in embrace,

Those beds of flowers,

And the figs, of...

The color of your eyes...

Do you remember...?

Helena: The luminous moments,

When you were awaited restlessly,

Behind the temple gate.

Do you remember...?

Chandra: Bewitching blue eyes,

Glamorous blue moon,

Slandering snobbish sighs,

And vastly blue lagoon!

Aren't you my princess...?

My dearest Queen!

Where did I lose my boon?

Oh! My masked princess!
Were we wrapped at noon?
And thou yonder star,
Poled on thy right log,
Crowns cupping ajar,
Lips Himalayan fog.
And the statue fell asunder,
Do you remember...?
Do you remember...?

Chandragupta, Helena, Surena and Chagori disappear in a misty moonlit morn.

There is a great public applause for a long time at the end of this performance.

Next performance is a song by Prof Sagar Sani. He appears in white shalwar Qameez and wrapped in a Kashmiri shawl across his upper body, chewing beetle leaf or Galori. He sits in the center and starts singing the lyrics...:

Music:

Tazkara Husn ka ho aur Teiri baat Na ho,
Kaisey mumkin ha k mehfil meiN Teiri baat na ho.

Yeh to mumkin ha RqeebuN ko muyassir na ho,
Saamney baith rhen phir b madaraat na ho.

Aik Mehka huwa nargis teiray rukhsaruN ka,
Kaisey shola naheN banta dil k ungaaruN ka.

Tu kaheN daikh sahi aaeney mein teri aankhuN ko,
KaiseiY sulgey huwey saagir sey mulaaqaat na ho.

Trans:

“How is it possible, if there is a talk about the beauty, and
you're not the one?
How is it possible that your beauty isn't a special mention
in the party?

It is possible that the competitors might not availed with,
Sitting in front of you, aren't tended by your good looks.

A scented narcissus, of your cheeks,
why it wouldn't turn aflame, the embers of my heart?

If ever you look; into your eyes in the mirror.
How wouldn't you encounter with the scorched sea (me)?

A great applause from the audience....

*Last but not the least: the performance for today's festive
celebration is based on the poetic thoughts of our worthy
guest Professor Sani Kasim Ghabi, from Nigeria. The song
was shared by him earlier to his visit but it was fully
prepared under his guidance.*

An African-Pacific Drum beat is playing at its peak. This purely wild African beat is warming the hearts so the expectant spectators around have become all eyes to vision of this extraordinary event going to happen.

A number of students, male as well as female, in purely tribal African dress and style appear moving swiftly around a cauldron on fire in the center, carrying wooden spears in their hands hitting the ground occasionally while there are husk-huts behind in a jungle scene where lions flaunt. Three witches are seated around the cauldron. They are murmuring charms, mantra and occasionally shout JHEENGA LALA HU, JHEENGA LALA HU, at the start of Hey, Hey Hurray. They touch their magic wands to each patient (a white woman in hallucination; her waving hair and arms touching the earth) brought before them from the hut at the end of each stanza; at their touch each patient recovers and an animal appears from her body symbolizing a human desire. They kill the animal and put it into the steaming hot cauldron to stew. It is same like an African tribe in ancient times, similar dresses, made up of ostrich feathers, costumes and cosmetics: faces are radiant with the happiness: all participants are dancing enthusiastically, joyously moving and shrieking slogans 'Hurray' off and on, the fast-circular movements of their waists with colorful leather belts and straps waving. Sometimes their shouting, slogans and uproaring causes terrifying echoes in the vastness of the dark starry dome of the sky. Sometimes, staggering with the ecstasy of pleasure, they are all in. There is a drum beat after which they start singing in chorus:

Music:

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

(Drum beats more fervently)

Then one of them loudly sings and the drum sounds slow...:

Let me be free,
From the cheap desire,
Let yourself O' dear,
My first and only desire,

While your charms of love,
've'taken my soul away,
And your starry eyes,
Burn my heart with fire.

Chorus sings loudly along with the high beat of drums: (A goat appears from the body of the patient as a symbol of lust)

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

(Drum beats more fervently)

Lemme be free,
From the cheap desire:

Let me port my body,
In thy love's empire:

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

(Drum beats more fervently) (a swan appears as a symbol
of graceful courtship)

On your ruddy lips do,
Zodiac stars enchant:
The future of our blissful love,
And ecstatic fire.

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

(Drum beats more fervently). (a chimera appears as a
symbol of fire of love)

Lemme be free,
From the cheap desire:
Don't let my burning heart
Become, weak and tire.

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

(Drum beats more fervently). (a fox appears as a symbol of lust)

Lemme be free,

From the cheap desire:

Don't my lunar gypsy awake?

A swarm of ghostly gyre.

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

(Drum beats more fervently). (a rabbit appears to represent moon, feminine love and deepest feelings)

Beneath your feet are daisies,

On head an olive crown,

Fairies dancing about the lagoon,

On my loves pyre.

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

Hey... Hey... Hurrah...

(Drum beats more fervently) (a cat appears symbolizing feminine desire of love)

At last, their cauldron makes strange whistle and bursts with a terrifying voice. In the smoke and fire, all they disappear.

At last Professor Sadiq Sherwani comes near to the table of Amrit Kaur and ties all the rose flowers in a ribbon to make a bouquet and presents it to her saying 'Happy Birthday,' and then there is a loud but single voice from all the sides 'happy birthday Professor Amrit Kaur. Meanwhile, university admin put a beautiful cake on the stage, it is cut by her and thus her BD is wonderfully celebrated. She thanks all of them for turning her birthday into a special event.

At the end, all are hurrying back to their destinations. Foreign guests are lodged in the university lodges.

Gujranwala is famous for its delicious foods all over the sub-continent, especially for meat dishes. Foreign guests will eat their dinner in the university. They are to eat butter added 'Saag' and corn flour bread baked in desi ghee, dry fruit added Gajir Halwa and Akhrot Halwa as dessert and fruits like; litchi, guava, pear, peach, plum, grapes, ber, amla, red blood orange, banana, melon and water melon. After that they will take rest to prepare for tomorrow's morning walk through the jungle of 'Chhanjal Ghat' Waniawala to 'Jheel Ana Sagar' near Abdal Cheema old canal bridge.

Act II

Scene I

Kashana-A-Sadiq Waniawala/ Harvard University

Night time...lights out.

Professor Sadiq Sherwani is in a trance like cognitive retrospect. While reclining in his comfortable bed, he glimpses back into the arena of a pleasant past, thinking deeply on how he comes across Professor Amrit Kaur, daughter of Suraj Singh. Under this hallucination he finds himself in Harvard University, USA near the department of English literature... seated on a bench in the lush green lawn, in a dim sunlight, just like a dunce countryman, both hands tightly clenched in his armpits, almost like a lamb bathed in a frosty hole while chasing its fellows...soon after, Amrit Kaur appears coming downstairs along with her two friends. She is high spirited, agile and swift. She is in her tight sky blue jeans; her long hair is fluttering in the cold air; her face is glowing like embers in the moonlight; in her vogue white sweat high neck; her muffler is likely

making a sign of ohm; books are in her right hand; her teeth are radiant like jasmine petals, her cheeks like red cherry, her lips like red rose, her laughs breaking the rules of chillness in the air, a fully sturdy Punjabi Jati, a notarized copy of 'Heer,' (the heroine of the monumental saga "Heer Ranjha," that was created by the mighty pen of Waris Shah, the leading Punjabi Sufi Poet). Professor Sadiq's heartbeat is sounding higher and higher, his eyes are wide open like the sun in June. As they approach nearer to him a whiff of pleasant fragrance emanates from their side that intoxicates him. He is looking askance to the bluish green eyes of Amrit constantly. He stands still like a statue in the frost:

I don't know if the hemp,

Is more hallucinating or your beautiful,

Bluish green eyes.

He mutters this 'Haiku' quite loudly but unconsciously... His voice becomes hellish and he, under that spell carries on speaking his astounded thoughts, feeling himself in his backward village many hundred miles away. Speaking like a painful heart who has been living among the people who don't know much about beauty and Nature, because they are crushed by the colonial slavery, unending hatred, and ruled by the divisions created by unlettered clerics, caste and creed... he among these unearthly beauties feels like that they are ethereal swans swooping down on the moonlit Dal lake of Kashmir... so he being a poet is unable to discern whether he is in the heavenly hell or in the hellish heaven of life:

I fly higher in the skies,

Of your greenish blue eyes:
I drown into the deep and deep,
Oceans of your lavishing eyes,
While my wanton desire,
Beyond your horizon flies,
On the coasts of your blue lagoon,
My heart swims and sighs,
O' Moon! Pull storms in my heart,
O' Sea Charmer! On my torso rise,
Like a Magician playing with a heart,
And a fume of love in white thrives,
Though you barter in trade,
A heart for a heart,
You don't listen to my wild lonely cries.
O' soul stormer, charming enchantress,
With your golden tresses and the glistening eyes.

Visioning himself roaming between his village and the Harvard university lawn like a flash of light, he feels and thinks quite amazingly what he is seeing now is a reality or just his illusion and what kind of world it is, and the world he lived before coming here...he falls a prey to his day dreaming and visions his village again... Speaking unknowingly in a monologue:

Are you speaking from Hell? Nay... I'm in a more perverse place than Hell... Hell seems to me a good place to live in ... I'm moving in the deepest gyres of religious rituals,

hellish infidelity, priestly hypocrisy, dogmatic pomp and show, idiotic socio-cultural frames...

Now back in lawn...

I do know... The place of my dreams... arms of my comfort... eyes full of love... breaths full of fragrance... Yet...

Retrospects again...

Yet, my customs and social barriers would stop me from having it... Now, tell me... I'm on the earth or in the hellish heaven...?

Once again he glimpses through his half open eyes the beauties coming straight towards him:

I'm in the deepest well,

Her form and voice, like the temple bell,

Echoes in my soul, in thoughts,

While love's rustling storms,

A fleet of horny memories,

Follows my bygone days...

Prof, Prof, Profff...

John reiterates; and, puts his right hand on his shoulder.

Professor is astonished by the touch of his friend, John's hand; he awakens from daydreaming. He accompanies

John while looking back to them as they're passing by, giving a smile back at his strange behavior, and what he just murmured in his poetry, waving at him in a friendly gesture; laughters give off when they are out of sight:

Prof: Who they are, John, do you know them?

John: They are research scholars.

Prof: What? Surely, they are, "Scholar Gypsies" ...

John: Yes, they are.

Prof: O' My God! They are heavenly bodies.

They laugh. They go.

Act II

Scene II

On the next day, after completing the assignment task, Prof John takes Prof Sadiq along for a friendly introduction with the scholar gypsies (Amrit, Elena and Machiko) whose beauty mesmerized him yesterday. They are warmly welcomed by them. They share apple, grape and cranberry juices and snacks of various kinds. They talk about diverse topics. Amrit and Professor are much too preoccupied with each other that they do not even know how much time has passed. It appears that they have known each other for centuries.

Furthermore, John and Sadiq come to know that these researchers are working on the socio-cultural history of the past civilizations of South Asia, esp. the Northern areas of Pakistan. With the passage of time Amrit and Professor come closer to each other... They live like, as in a love bond as they share every moment...especially in the university.

The next glimpse;

Prof: *(recalls)* With the memories of the past: we move forward, living practically in the present, we dream of our future; however, sometimes our life remains standstill in the doldrums: astonished and amazed, hurt by the softest accidents of the eyes, with those of piercing illusions. Soul flickers at the fire of emotions, strange to one's mind and memory.

Amrit appears in his mind's eye...

Ahhhhhhh! Leave me alone...! I can't breathe, I'm gasping, and I feel suffocated, perspiring in the darkness of these nightmares, O' love...! Where is your sting...? O' smile! Where is your fang...? O' Caleopatra! O' dear Amrit! Where are the springs of your charms? I am again in my wounded arms or on the lips of thorns...?

Is she the last blessing...?

While thousand flowers bloom,

Feeding wounds, caressing,

Your memories with gloom:

Why heart remains...stuck...in such a Past!

.....Suddenly a spark of memory tarnishes his flow of thoughts. He finds himself in the University cafeteria... and he starts writing poems for Amrit: verses, verses and more verses. He sings a triolet; singing thus and imagining such happening:

Down on the earth my winter moon,

Stealthily chases me on autumn leaves,
Until she catches me at blue lagoon,
Down on the earth my winter moon,
Keeping me in her starry cocoon,
Emotional frost she mildly sieves,
Down on the earth my winter moon,
Stealthily chases me on autumn leaves.

Act II

Scene III

John:(*noting his craze for Amrit asks*) Will you marry Amrit Kaur? Your religion permits polygamy...*he questions under a lighter tone, smiling.*

Prof: You're right. Our religion permits us polygamy and in certain cases, commands, but not for lust's sake. You can marry if you can really afford it, both physically and financially, as our Prophet SAW married. Except one, he married widows at the time when he needed to support and afford it.

John: Why now in the 21st century? When women can afford themselves and their family with full liberty?

Prof: You know their number in ratio, as compared to men, is increasing; men die in wars, in accidents, in natural disasters, and so on. So now, either support them to fulfill their natural human desires or let the world become a bordello. Why youuu didn't marry yet?

John: (*Bursts in a laughter*) ...I don't like marriages of the South Asian version, rather I would like to be a silver fox than to be a weird uncle, ha-ha-ha...chukles.

Prof: Love and marriage are the ultimate relations for humans. You can marry a woman of your age to pass a life in friendship. Will you?

John: Even for dating, I don't prefer cougars; but, she will be my favorite, if she is like Amrit. (*Winks his right eye at him*)

Prof: (*glares*)Why don't youuu marry?? You wouldn't like to give your child your name as a father? You wouldn't like to give children their right of identity: identity, for which you are working as a researcher and strongly advocate others?

John: You are right (*thinks*) but I prefer freedom in my life.

Prof: Why don't you prefer freedom of doing whatever you please in your institutions like education, finance and defense?

John: Because these institutions would be destroyed without a certain discipline.

Prof: Ha-ha-ha, it means you don't care for the family institution?

John: (*after a short pause*) Will you marry Amrit Kaur? The question still stands unanswered?

Prof: I love beauty and all that is beautiful in Nature, in a Keatsian style, but for marriage I'll seek the guidance of Almighty, like Prophet Moses (AS), who prayed: "My

Lord, indeed I am, for whatever good you would bestow on me, I beg.”(Holy Quran)

John: I am an atheist, you know; I don't believe in the God of Moses. I don't see any God, if there is any, tell me, and show me??

Prof: I am not a preacher or a religious scholar, but I think that there are signs of His presence in the heavens, in the earth, and in ourselves, in the changing of days and nights and in the moving air, in the sustenance of numerous earthly creatures, in the heavy clouds moving in between the earth and the sky, and in how He enlivens the earth after it is dead through the rain, and in the heavenly bodies on the sky working in complete discipline, and in the beauty of nature. All these are signs of His Omnipresence and Oneness.

What if there had been a God...?

Said a hermit to a truth seeking atheist,

The First Who made, isn't your dear Lord?

What if there had been a God...?

What if the Muse speaks to the bard?

One who made your body shining amethyst?

What if there had been a God...?

Said a hermit to a truth-seeking atheist.

John: Why only one...why not his son as well? (*Laughs*)

Prof: If there is a son, there must be a grandson and a grandfather with the same powers as well...Do you know any...? That's why He is the only One. It is beyond his greatness to have children or parentage like us 'creatures.'

John: Why can't we see him?

Prof: We can't even see the blazing sun, His little creature; we can't see our soul without which we would die. We are unable to see Him: with these eyes, we can just perceive His presence through our mind's eye and heart.

John: You know how religions kept us behind the bars of ignorant beliefs for centuries. In addition, how they treated great men of science and learning, like Galileo in Christian world, and how your people maltreated ibn Al-Hathim, a great scientist, who passed his whole life under the cover of a mad joker.

Prof: The essence of all religions is love and a system based on deep thinking; systematically helpful for existence: Islam, Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism, etc. weren't to promote rituals to create priestly empires, which you see now; rather the lifestyle of their founders was the simplest one. They promulgated love, justice, freedom, humanity and Oneness of Allah.

John: What does your religion advise about humanity when Muslim terrorists kill the people?

Prof: The last of all heavenly religions Islam, testifies the heavenly law previously dictated by the Abrahamic Prophets through the Bible and Holy Quran that the murder of a single soul is like the murder of all humanity, and the saving of a single life is like saving all the humanity.

John: Then what about terrorism and Muslim terrorists?

Prof: (*laughs*), what about the death toll in both the world wars, holocaust and the numerous deaths of innocent citizens after nuclear blasts in Japan...? Who were the killers, were they Muslims? Were these Muslim terrorists who killed Jews in Germany? And, now who is killing people in Gaza, Burma, Kashmir and Ukraine etc.?

John: How to save ourselves from priesthood and imperial neocolonialism?

Prof: Measure the truth of the priests and the followers through the lens of their lifestyle and character. Check whether Pope's, Imam-a-Kaba's and Buddhist Bhiksu's life and living styles is same like as that of Buddha, Jesus and the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon them all). If their practice matches with them, listen to them; nevertheless, follow only the founders to get success, otherwise get rid of these leeches, as they are running best of their worldly business.

John: "And we created you in Pairs." Adam was the first and a one 'complete.' On his request, Eve was created out of his rib, over his heart. A transgender is undeveloped two in one, male plus female... or, female plus male. Whatever prevails, however, in normal cases male and female are separate mostly you will say ehh! (*Smiles*) What about the impact of physical structure on which religious society divides us through the roles assigned. These fixed roles are sometimes unnatural and inhuman.

Prof: What isunnatural is unnatural.

John: However, what you will say whenever you look into her (*Amrit*) eyes?

Prof: I would say looking into her eyes:

Due to her absence Professor closes his eyes before reciting his poetry....Meanwhile, Amrit comes over there from nowhere and listens to him, holding her resplendent moonlike face cupped in both of her hands, sitting in front of Professor...

Why should I tell you...? I love you?

It is an open secret... Like glittering henna,
In the clenched fist, of a newly wedded bride,
Winking modestly, time and again,
With the stolen looks, amazed, aback:
So why should I tell you... I love you?
Whilst you can hear the beats of my heart,
My pounding heart: a hope in mine eyes,
And a succulent smile on my face,
Consequences of your bewitching glow:
Then why should I tell you... I love you?
Why shouldn't memory recall...

A smile dear to all...

O' love... O' dear... O' life...

O' Dilber... O' Jani... O' Janu...

Why should I tell this all....

While you know this all...

Dear Desdemona... Dear Amrit Kaur...

It is a soul stirring love...

An emotion caught...

A thought weaved with love...
A moth warmed by candlelight...
As opium is an addict's paradise,
So my dear beauty! You are mine....

*Amrit and John laugh loudly, Professor opens his eyes
abruptly in complete bewilderment, from that poetic
dream, and looks around shyly.*

Act II**Scene IV**

Niagara Falls

Professor Sadiq, Mr. John, Mr. Sani Kasim and scholar gypsies (Amrit, Elena and Machiko) are on a trip to Niagara Falls...:

Where shall we go after the last resorts?

The things for us were made centuries ago,

Lake Victoria, falls of Niagara, Kashmiri facade,

We survive utterly odd, we just come and go.

Elena: In an era when professional and financial preoccupations have usurped us of our life and living... Even literature has become a tool of enslaving others. There is a hell of difference between Morality and I'm-Morality.

Prof: A cancer of dishonesty and immorality has just penetrated our veins, particularly promoted by compradors, or the so-called upper class, a legacy of the colonizers. However, bearing this state of affairs in mind, we move forward to rectify believing that education and science are the most modern tools to make an unpredictable miracle... we try to minimize the gap between theory and practice, especially in our education system.

Sani: Practical knowledge builds confidence, but people use it for economic and personal gains that ultimately causes to destroy the fabric of human kindness. So, to me, morality needs to be immortalized.

Machiko: What, if it is in the hands of the devils? Those who modify it according to their personal needs.

Prof: Akin to a rose (*poor human beings*) are pressed under the filthy foot (*by devils*). Hence, rose in itself has no fault for its beneficent use.

They wander in the Niagara Falls State Park, the Observation Tower, at Prospect Point, jutting out over Niagara Gorge and view all the three waterfalls. They visit Aquarium of Niagara, the home to Humboldt penguins, seals and sea lions.

In the evening they are at Savor, 28 Old Falls St, Niagra Falls NY, for a candle light dinner:

Meanwhile talking to Amrit Kaur, away from the others, Professor thinks and re-thinks to say...or not to say...that he loves her.

Prof: *(says with utmost courage that hardly he musters up)*
Is the life possible without love? ...

Amrit: Why not? We're more than machines. Aren't we?

Prof: *(thinking dubiously) ...Then should I remain loving her secretly, without giving vent to my feelings... Shunning even the slightest notion of love? Might be, she is in the same way feeling my love for her, or what if she, too, is a part of this corporate world... What if she kicks at my poor ass: saying the same lines... "How'd you dare to say this...? Were you thinking so little of me...? You took me as a dreamy or a simpleton? "Am I such a naive to die with you in the burrow of your romantic dreams...? Go! Mind your own business of loving and dreaming in this mature material world... Can you imagine how great minds take measurements of a practical life...? Now life is gender free... I can mold and mount over my thoughts... I am just...? His mind boggles, full of these fears, but what of those colorful goggles she wears... And a pair of smiling eyes behind...? Isn't life playing at the piano of the universe...?*

Let there be no room for regret,
Let she know, that you love,
Wounds in winter deeply cut ...

Thinks.... more deeply, and then he says:

Let me come out of that quagmire,
Save myself of this dazzling fire,
O' thou chivalrous knightess,

O' thou wisest deity: Athena!
O' thou dubious, skeptic,
I love thy human properties,
Thy charms that enchant me,
And your poetic beauties:
All thy luscious cuties,
The bravest: I adore your forms,
How do I say that I love...?
Dear Amrit...

Amrit: (quite amazed) thinks deeply for a long while, looks amazed, thinks again and then, says No...I'm sorry. I can't.

Professor feels something nibbling at his heart so sharply... Nevertheless, he suppresses his pain, his thoughts, his feelings and his emotions that try to appear from behind his crude smile:

O' my pinched soul,
Can I look at her?
Thru my broken whole.

Amrit: I think ...it is not suitable for me as you're already well-settled in your life and family.

Prof: says with sadness that swipes him away:

One failed in love,
Feels flying like a yellow leaf,
On earth in rain.

You know that I'm a dreamer... A visionary... An optimist... A hope for those who trust me... But a poet, though of a little circle and repute, as I don't prefer limelight... I think I can fulfill my dreams by creating a number of educational institutions of international prestige for my poor backward people as we discussed earlier.

Amrit: I think you're writing dramas and poetry up to the level of Ghalib, Marlowe, Shelley and Shakespeare... you can fulfill your dreams by yourself?

Prof: Your thoughts, ideas and inspiration in this perspective ignited a flame in my soul and spirit. Especially when you talked about my cultural heroes, history and future... I began dreaming about you and your beauty as a magnanimous source, as an inspiration, as a muse, and so we talk for hours and my heart and passion under this hallucination of uncontrollable emotions, often keep eulogizing your beauty and charms in words and poetry.

Amrit: You know that I am a realist, I don't believe in illusions and impracticable dreams.

Prof: Each of your pictures becomes my poetry...But you turned out to be a new classical realist, a perfect professional...?

Amrit: I do know how dear you hold me but it is all mere poetry. You know poetry can't fulfill our aims or even material necessities.

Prof: Many of my Ghazels, Sonnets and Odes appear holding your strong impact and dedication in their folds that a number of our friends like John come to perceive about a love bond between us.

Amrit: Let them think what they like.

Prof: From now on, owing to your realistic approach, good name and repute I'll refute any such relationship between us, excusing in the name of poetry and poetic name. But you can't imagine being a strong believer of realism that I, being an idealist optimist find myself broken, shattered and suffocated up to the level that I can never recover from it, as each of my breath bears the fragrance of your name like henna.

(Aside)

Can you steal her soul?

Beautifully caged, in her solitude,

Nurturing on, the ambers whole,

And her aromatic attitude.

Amrit: Your people and society are far behind the USA in worldly development. My country is a dream world and a world of opportunities. I abhor any kind of intersectionality or the interactivity of social identity structures chiefly based on religion, race, class and gender in fostering life experiences, especially experiences of privilege and oppression in your world.

Prof: I think social rules regarding love vary considerably according to variables such as social class, race, religion, age, sexual orientation and gender. Our behavior patterns are generally unwritten and constantly changing. My society is changing rapidly to modernize itself by recovering its link to its cultural roots which colonization had previously damaged.

Amrit: There are considerable differences between social and personal preferences, and the only rule that seems working is that there are no rules. Sometimes, even the very prospect of love entails anxiety, and sometimes, from the fear of commitment I feel dizzy.

After the tour is complete they return back to Harvard University from New York...

Prof: *Sends Amrit a WhatsApp text bearing these words...*
Keeping in mind your realism, I'll try to make a golden niche in place of your name, heavy heartedly to get a space for me to breathe in seclusion... Despite being a martial arts player, now I am sick physically and mentally too, I am feeling so much cold of winters in me now, which previously could never hurt me when I was in Kashmir and the Northern areas of Pakistan where snow covers the trees and mountain tops of the Himalaya. While your name and voice make my soul shudder now:

An air of sheer emptiness,
In this thankless world, I feel,
Dogs compete in haughtiness,
And business avarice heel.
Mechanical fingers dart,
Seductive smiles harbor,
Eyelashes lure the heart,
Cosmetics cure the parlor.

Love can never a charmer,
Obsession that lacerate,
Who prefers trading barter?
Is a witch who fascinate!

How the love will recompense,
World has lost its innocence.

Amrit: (*replies*) ... There is actually only one real danger that I must concern myself with and that is the closing of my heart to the possibility that love exists. Love is the most terrifying thing in the world. So, please let me live in complete seclusion. Professor, if you want to see me living peacefully some more days of my life; let me live as I like.

Prof: The bitterness of your reality has made me completely powerless, while once I felt like a commando. You are my poetic vision... While 'Poetry' is the language of souls; felt, liked and understood by the poetic souls... (Soliloquy)

... I can't love... I can't win this woman... I can't... I can never...my dear ... I can't... Please!

Let me love a cow,
And be chased by a bull,
Let me love a Buffalo,
And be hunted by a bison,
Lemme love a cow rhino,
And be on the horn of a rhino bull,

But I can't love this woman.

Prof: I'm new in the arena of Westernized tastes: you belong to the first, second, third or fourth wave of feminism. Why so, I don't know... I feel fears... I feel my heart tarnished and broken, I'm almost dead.

Amrit: You people of the subcontinent know well to die in love, but don't know how to live in this corporate world.
She sends the reply.

Prof: Isn't Rishi Sunak (PM of UK) one of the brown men?
(he thinks)

Act II

Scene V

Prof: *In a glimpse, dreaming again and thinking quite passionately what she is like and how the world sees us, the people of Indo-Pak...but he thinks...*

Nurture your eyes with,

The utmost beauty...

Beauty is light and,

Light leads to enlightenment.

Then in another speck of thought that sparks in his mind's eye:

Sometimes blooming like a flower,

Sometimes blossoming like a bud:

Lips of my beloved.

Amrit Kaur...

.... He writes and writes a number of verses, as he is gone mad...

O My Lunar Gypsy"

My lunar Gypsy,
In the lake of love;
Whilst a screen of musky,
Naked clouds above:

O' thou beautiest beau!
Say not to love adieu,
Give colder morning dew,
Your radiant visage true:

To look sun rising,
In the blue of your eyes,
Frosty dew trickling,
Over the hot butterflies,

On the Himalayan mountain,
Hail to thee O' Queen!
With luscious love's rain,
O' ruler of mighty regime:

Jasmine fragrance hiccups:
And dreams of closed cups.

O' my Lunar Gypsy...
O' my Lunar Gypsy.

He writes in his diary that a receptacle brain accepts, a negative command with the same force as it takes a positive one... because it works under the control of your heart's desire...

O Keeper of my heart,
O my beloved Lord:
My Desdemona,
My Amrit Kaur.

He writes that poetry provides resuscitation to the humanity dying of material pursuit...

Sunlit flow
On the cheeks of beloved
Raspberry glow

Prof: *(thoughtfully)* John this Desdemona has broken my heart...?

John: *(smiling)* Bro! At least, it needs a strong barbarian will power to be loved by a Desdemona or Amrit, for they naturally look for Othello like brutes, *he winks' an eye at*

him. That is why I prefer dating over marriage. Come, join my company...He chuckles.

Prof: Writes to her beauty...

The glow on your ruddy lips,
Raspberry shade in your cheeks;
Road rovers, Rolex and bank balance,
Your brands, palaces and your elegance:
And all of your dazzling glamor,
Bears the stamp of my poetic humor.

He writes further...

O' Amrit...
O' my divine Love,
Your love has,
Chiseled me into pieces:
And now each piece of my,
Soul and body bears,
Thy beloved name;
Desdemona.

He writes a text to her...don't work for the corporate world, come and work for the poor, don't take the world leaders as a simple as serving for us the poor:

One should judge,
A leader by his deeds,
Crown for him,
Means nothing for others:
To grind one's axe,
At the cost of people,
Must be a puppet,
Of Big Brothers.

On Amrit's birthday on 14th of April he sends her a birthday text in English poetry and a recorded Urdu song in his own voice:

They say stars move;
So, do our sun move,
I don't know whether,
Sun around you move,
Or you: standing on,
The Global village, move:
Around the sun...A year,
Has added a more:
Dear Amrit,
Dear Desdemona.
Happy Birthday...

In Urdu the recorded Ghazal is full of his pleadings for love as her charms have mesmerized him:

Music:

Na ho Jaoun Rung A Hinaï k QurbaN,
Teray Dasto Bazu, Kalai k QurbaN.

Gulo, Lala o Shokho ChanChal Kali,
Teray bosa A dil Rubai K QurbaN.

Ye Kashmir o, Hunza o Gulmerg saray,
Faqt kakal o Khush Numai K QurbaN.

Jala Wo Parha ha Raqeeb a Nazar,
Teray kajla o kaj adai K QurbaN.

Poochha ha usnay K kis haal mein ho?
Piay dard o Hairat Numai K QurbaN.

Kiya hum say wada, Na iqrar koi,
Teray jazba a Narasai K QurbaN.

Wafa ke Ali unsay Umeed kiyun ho,
Dil o Jism o JaN bewafai K QurbaN.

Trans: Shouldn't I sacrifice (myself) at your Henna,

At your hands, arms and wrists?

Being rose, tulip and cheerful jasmine bud,
May I sacrifice at your heart snatching kiss?

Kashmir, Hunza, Gulmarg all as a whole,
Be sacrificed at your lock (hair) and beautiful appearance.

Even my rival is lying burnt in front of your charismatic
eyes,
Victims of your Kajal lined eyes and indifference.

How are you today, she asked?
I may be sacrificed at her feeling, of my pain and twitches.

She made neither promises nor any future commitment,
I may be sacrificed at her lack of such passion.

Why should Ali, expect fidelity from her?
While his heart, body and soul are ready to be sacrificed at
her infidelity.

Once writing his reminisce he adds:

Poetry is like a Trojan horse,
Can breach and beat the unbreakable walls,
Of the beloved's hearts, imperceptibly,
Breaks in to escalate emotions strong,
Unbeatable like the Achilles arms:
Paris killed your strongest man,
And Hector, with a single stroke of sword:
Beneath the Trojan walls,
Although they rolled over him,
The fire of anguish arms in anger,
Killed their mighty Ajax,
O' thou little heart! Gird up your guts,
Lest his invisible forces enter,
In the realms of your unconquered heart:
Shut safely the doors...
Lest the Agamemnon,
Of your physical desires, trap to hold your,
Wisest norms of life and by availing,
Nestor's mighty wisdom invade,
Into your sacred Apollo's sepulcher,
Where Achilles sword can cut,
The charms of your Brises heart.

Sent her texts without any replies from her...

My Amrit...

I drowned in your eyes,
To never sail again:
Would that I live longer,
Pity, life has no refrain,
I find my heart in pain,
Whenever I read your name:
It chokes me again and again,
Whenever I listen your name:
You kicked my heart to save repute,
It hurts me time and again,
O' Desdemona dear! Have no fear,
This pain is just my pain.
O' dame! O' dame! Oh' dame!
Had never knew thy name:
You are a cold, nor a shoulder cold,
You wanna die insane.
Save name, save fame, save pain, Desdemona.
And die thus dubious sane.
Would people say? A nun had died,
And cause was just, in vain.
Loneliness would cheat your heart,

Your company would refrain.
O' Dina dear! Let me say,
You're dying so young in vain.
Piles of flowers, would lay by,
And a shattered heart in chain.

Heartbroken and wearied by Amrit, he writes:

I'm no body, so are you?
I'm leaving: will you?

Act II**Scene VI**

Your cheeks blazing rubies,
O' milky colored magician,
Your lovely blue eyes,
Your hands are my physician.

I can leave you,
But never can your love.
My heart's pole star,
I'm looking beneath and above.
O' my soul charmer,
O' my darling dove.
Aren't you blood warmer,
Hypnotizer, transformer.
My Amrit

Heartbroken, passing by the English department, he notices that his friend John and Sani Kasim are singing an African song joyfully with the junior students and scholars. They are singing and dancing on a cultural African high beat, in chorus:

Send me back my dreams...
If you lack emotions,
If you are no more, in love,
Send me back my heart,
Send me back my dreams, O dove!

I wouldn't say to take a swim,
I wouldn't name me swan,
If Leda goes across the horizons,
Come over to if you can.

But if you lack emotions,
If you are no more, in love,
Send me back my heart,
Send me back my dreams, O dove!

Dear Oshun! Calls Shango,
Thundering all the worlds,
Make a festive monsoon,
Keeping off his girds.

If you lack emotions,
If you are no more, in love,
Send me back my dreams,
Send me back my heart, O dove!

After listening this song standing hidden from them all, he feels his heart bursting in tears like a monsoon cloud in the Murree hills, and when his heart gets a little soothing, a voice of peace passes through him reminding him of great sage Rumi's wisest adage:

"When love is not accepted, move on;
When love is not appreciated, walk away;
Hopefully time will teach what real, true love is." (Rumi...)

After recalling he feels, he is on his steps again, because he's back in life. He has a beautiful heart, full of romantic emotions. A mighty brain of a poet, having his own dreamy paradise, to escape from the ugliness of this cruel world.

Eyes full of beauty: vision and imagination. He is barrel chested, for the tender head to lie on.

His lips;
Wholly poetic blue,
Frozen with the desire to be loved.

His voice;
Whispering like,
The peacock honks to be loved.

Express your love to a human being, and put yourself in chains and make yourself ready to be a genealogical slave forever. Love is an ethereal body... It should appear through your practice but not through poor promises ... Never to express through the words of your mouth... for... Words of mouth in love carry evil charm inside that can surely ruin its body... Love; and remain living, or express it and seek a way of desperate death, each moment. No matter if you love, keep it like a sacred secret: It seems that he's gone mad in love or he is over-sensitive being a poet...!

"No great mind has ever existed, without a touch of madness," Aristotle once said.

In a bang of madness he writes:

Dear heart of mine,
Can't we surmise?
Men of great profile do often fall,
On the thorns of crazy life;
But never do they compromise:
It is obnoxious to their dignity,
They remain standstill before,
Every swing of razorous light:

My dear heart, what you say:
Hadn't west become a naked whore,
Except those working human rights,
Given the chance by the hands of fate,
Divinity offered them to rule otherwise:
While they're over brimming with pride,
Had turned the world into a brothel,
They are trading everything as a prize,
In the name of mission civilizatrice....
O' Marxist engines; O' Capitalist machines;
O' soulless civilization,
O' byproduct, of science and technology,
O' You! Originators of hatred, progeny of Menelaus,
"How many Helen's will you spoil by driving towards
madness?
In the name of wealth,
O' modern Samiris...?"
O' worshippers, of satanic lust,
You can mislead war machines of the passionate Achilles
towards Trojan walls by using Brises but as a bait, making
her a war prize. You are cheap and you are a disgusting
hypocrite. You are really void of humanity. No human wail
appeals to you. You are pernicious Agamemnons of your
fantasy world. I intend to hide everything precious from
your evil eyes.

He expresses in full madness:

In the unholy spirits bro,
Shoots of love can never grow,
Like a musk it is though,
Love and let nobody know.

*.... Always in a dreamlike condition he finds himself flying
in the clouds of imagination like a madman in love.*

I write poetry,
While sitting alone,
In the chamber,
Of my heart:
Looking into,
Her starry eyes,
Emotions, long suppressed:
And the wandering thoughts,
On the pages of history,
When we'll go,
To the realms never known,
Shall be the only thing,
That your lips will enchant,
Calm and compose,
Full of high hopes.

Prof: Fears run wild in my brain whenever I try to look into
her (Amrit) eyes... Her eyes are deeper than the oceans

storming in my thoughts... I can look deep and deep into the soul of this corporate world... But while looking at her image, I feel something storming under my head ... I can measure the gravity of the cruel world, where mankind has lost her innocence in the name of development and progress... I know that we have lost our values being human... We've lost our feelings and emotions in the name of business... We measure a man through assets and not through humanity: bearing in mind that these things can't help sustain in the world ... But, somehow, I hold fear of being in love with her, despite knowing my humble economic position... No one can restrain oneself from being in love. Now what to do of those economic barriers? Of this corporate world between... How to say my heartfelt feelings while looking into her mesmerizing eyes? ... Her thoughts might be the same as mine. But, what if they would be otherwise under western aspirations...? What to do then...? Love is an enigma, a riddle, in the world we're living in now... We have corrupted our emotions... We have become more than practical... Whether she agrees or not... What, then, what to do with the feelings we call love?

In his madness he says that the world is speeding towards its end...

He is in a dream or what else; he wonders that the night passed as swiftly as his research tenure in Harvard University California, Massachusetts. A trail of tears unconsciously trickles down on his burning cheeks so his quivering lips get salty, he might have wept but he held his breath.

Shattered, battered and bartered,
In the love of being unloved,
Unlocked hearty locks,

Un-mild stony rocks,

Unending chilled thirst...

The real expression in sadness finds its better way out in one's native language, so he sings out his heart reverberating:

Music:

Doob gai Kashti,

Toot gay patwaar:

Jeet gai Nafrat,

Haar giya mera Piyar...

Trans:

My boat (of love) sank,

The oars fell broken;

The love is lost,

The hatred has won.

At dawn, the voice of Muazzen from a nearby mosque rises saying Allah-o-Akbar, awoke him from this nightmarish real dream, while his eyes are streaming with tears.

ACT III

Scene I

A walk through the “Chhanjal Ghat” Jungle

All of them seated in the rover from the university lodges after taking Desi style breakfast of Lassi added with peiray, Makhan, Prathas, Halwa Poori, Siri Paey, Nehari etc. So now, they are speeding towards the walking track of Chhanjal ghat, along the Upper Chenab Canal in Gujranwala, where there is natural Beila / Jungle in which people used to graze their cattle; especially buffalo, cow, sheep and goat nurture on grass or wild natural herbs.

They are fresh, pristine and in high spirits today. All guests are ready to walk through the ‘Chhanjal Ghat’ and later travel today to a number of locations relevant to their research work, in the company of Professor Sadiq Sherwani.

Prof Sadiq recites an English Ghazal at the request of Elena:

A Walk Together...

A walk through my heart, to talk together,
Passing through the jungle, I thought it better.

Birds are in love, earth, sky and moon,
Are you too in love? I'm altogether.

Moon is at the corridor and the heart in chamber,
Passion is much strong so we'll talk together,

Birds in their nests, cuckoos along the path,
Singing, beaks in beaks, melodious songs together.

Jagged path, running brooks, along the willow trees,
Leaving the world behind, we'll walk together.

Words whisper, hearts murmur, and the honeyed looks,
Life has its own concerns, but we'll laugh together.

Roses, Jasmine, myrtle and the marigold,
Thou aren't along with Ali, but I do feel together.

All scholars are roaming about in the jungle replete with the Eucalyptus, Acacia, Mulberry, Balsa, Wild-fig, Alstonia or the devil's tree, Baikan, Dharek, Banyan, Willow, Neem or Margosa tree, Lasoda (Cordea dichotoma), Jamun or Syzygium and Sassoon etc. There are numerous types of herbs all around like Mandi booti (Globe Thistle), Maku or

Pelu (Solanum Nigrum), Harmal (Peganum Harmala), Gajir booti (Parthenium), Itsit or Punarnava, Kwargandal or Aloevera, Pakhra (Tribulus Terestries), Puthkanda or Chaff Flower, Akk (Calotropis gigantean), many types of grass, kai, kana or Kans (Saccharum), janter, Atibala, Datura big and small, Dele or Dela (Capparis Decidua), Arund (Ricinus), Mint, Thistle or Out katar, Thistle or Gokhru, Dhamasa (Fagonia) and Hemp (Cannabis) in plenty.

They are talking about the natives, languages, customs, traditions, history etc. In a retroactive mood, the Professor thinks what a miracle has happened that Amrit is here, everything is subject to dilute automatically; old painful time is over, thus in every moment, you need create a world anew:

O my beautiful wren,
You are so risky,
That you have come,
To the land of pure,
Who are really impure!
They own five rivers,
Yet they drink water,
From multi nationals,
After contaminating,
Springs of natural resources,
They own lush green fields,
Now, planned to become their marbled holes,
They buy sneakers from the Malls,
And sale their books on footpaths,

What do you think they need?

They begin talking about the British Raj in India and why it ended after a hundred years only.

Elena: Don't you agree that British Raj brought positive changes in the subcontinent and made her way towards modernization? Otherwise, it might have remained far behind from the rest of the world?

Amrit: British gave education, law, transportation, medicine, science and modern technology? *(She adds)*

Prof: Sub-continent has never been a backward region in the world. It has always been a "Golden Sparrow" who produced great men of thinking. Dr. Gori Vishwanathan, an Indian scholar conducted her research about the questions you have now arisen. She doesn't agree with you. She holds that Indians were highly educated and their literacy rate was far higher during the Mughal rule before the British Raj.

Amrit: What was introduced by the British in the sub-continent then...My dear Professor?

Prof: The British Raj introduced and promulgated corruption and plundering of all types in the Indian society in the name of "mission civilizatrice" in the words of Edward Said. They promoted treachery and appointed highly paid traitors working for them in all the departments and sections of society. About one hundred thousand highly educated scholars including women were brutally killed by British after the war of independence in 1857 AD.

Elena: Then why Indians were defeated...that they faced slavery for a full century?

Prof: Wa tilkal ayyamu Nadawiluhaa bainan Nassi....

Trans: And these days (of varying conditions) We alternate among the people...(Sura Al-Imran Ayat 140)

Indians developed modern weapons esp. steel cased rockets in artillery: Tipu Sultan, Nawab of Maysour, the tiger of India was the first who developed missile technology in the world. He and his father Nawab Haider Ali defeated the British on a number of times. However, it was anarchy, treachery, indulgence in luxuries and lack of morality in the majority of the people that snatched freedom from Indians. Last of all Indian resistant provincial leaders; Tipu Sultan was martyred in the battlefield, attacked by three armies including the British imperial army. All this was the outcome of a long and lethargic Mughal rule.

Amrit: People say that whoever invades India conquers it easily.

Prof: ha-ha-ha. Conquering India wasn't even possible for the Mongol Golden Hordes.

Elena: Oh! Really dear Professor? Mongols had been an inexorable force wherever they had gone, they conquered whatever they saw; Russia, China, Persia, Iraq, Syria, Cental Asia and Europe etc.

Prof: Yes, of course my dear. Emperor Alauddin Khilji gave to the Mongols, crushing defeats in about 17 battles and his General Malik Kafur in six battles. Emperor Muhammad Tughlaq defeated Mongol Golden Hordes in about 29 battles, states famous Moroccan traveler Ibn Battuta.

They were all amazed.

Now they are near to the Chhichher Wali Jhaal to step into the wooden boat tied to a cable to cross the canal, to go to the eastern side: however, the poet Professor reminds Amrit of the ancestors' struggle for freedom under Gandhi and Muhammad Ali Jinnah's leadership:

The coo of cuckoo is coming from my chamber window,

It is a sign of love, hope and natural inspiration,

From the mangoes and rosewood boughs of the nearby tombs,

Of my forefathers; their grassy graves shaded by the trees,

Are the assets of the tombs which were plundered by the British Empire?

You can check the gold and jewels of the subcontinent, in the king's crown,

However, our ancestors succeeded and created a world,

Free from colonial suppression, cruelty and slavery,

They faced at the white washed hands of that bandit Empire,

And ultimately, tumbled down that hoary witch,

Called British Raj on the head of Mountbatten, the viceroy:

And danced with the ladies of the hearts,

In the deadly battle of independence: kicked them out,
And opened new doors of life and living for,
The coming generations with a lesson to not to spare,
An enemy undignified, lowly and hypocrite,
Was there any ungrateful nation living on earth,
Than that one, whose envoys and emissaries,
Came in with pleading for trading licenses in the court of
Emperor Jahangir,
Later mouse trapped the noble hosts?
How despicable crime committed that Western whore,
In the name of friendly trading and how they,
Worked fiendish under the cover of poor traders,
However, the history of killing of these western brutes
began,
When Sher Khan Afridi, killed the lord Mayo, the leading
white man,
One of their eighty milers, died, just by two of Sher khan's!
Bayonet stabs, snatched from the guards nearby!
To tell them what Pathans can do against an enemy,
So low in profile of manners, having a history of lies,
Have you ever read of us somebody writing?

Shakespeare as ShaikhZubair, while;

You can read Ibn e Rushd as Averoes and,

Ibn e Sina as Avicenna, how ungraciously anglicized!

Ha-ha-ha... they all laugh and applaud.

The bell rings on Machiko's cell, a call she receives from her hometown Tokyo, Japan. She tells them about her visit to the land of Buddha's greatest follower, Emperor, Ashoka the great, in an ecstatic tone and mood... They are busy looking at a kingfisher catching fish from the water when a flying nightingale touches the shoulder of Amrit.

They alight from the boat and then move towards the range rovers. Comfortably seated, they are moving towards the Chhanjal Ghat foot-bridge Waniawala...

Sani: What about the medical sciences in the Subcontinent, medicines and surgery?

Prof: The people of sub-continent have the oldest Ayurvedic medical system, later on, the traditional Hindu system added along with the Muslims' medical system based on the Quranic and the Prophetic teachings, that has been serving for centuries. Mostly the medicines are made from wild herbs based on modern research and on native doctor's practical experiences.

Elena: Isn't the herbal medication outdated now?

Machiko: Why you forget Fleming's discovery of penicillin Elena, a natural antibiotic that saved countless lives for it is stronger than the chemical antibiotics. China and Japan use old methods of medication successfully even now.

Prof: Yes...it also saves country from the ever rising import bill.

Amrit: What are the main causes of the failure of the British Raj, dear Professor?

Prof: Their mediocre meritocracy failed them just after one hundred years of rule only. During the Raj, only Faustian desires and designs were fulfilled. They were unable to create an empire to rule for centuries, they were just plunderers, so they looted the country and ran back to their frosty hole but Indian Gem Koh-a-Noor is still in the crown of their king. The seekers of truth can read the stories of their plundering and inhuman behaviour in the novels: 'Jewel of the Crown' and 'A Passage to India' written by the British writers.

Sani: What about Pakistan, a Muslim ideological state created out of the sub-continent, yet so weak politically and financially, why?

Prof: Pakistan was never a colony... though; it took birth from the ashes of British India. Owing to the hybridity of the dormant Muslim ideological identity on one side and corrupt but lively British legacy on the other side, it seems at surface level that Pakistan has turned into a country where all are free to do whatever they please in the name of justice, security and democracy (*smiles*).

Elena: It means your country has always been in dire need for speedy reforms in the system at a high level but it is possible only through compulsory primary but activity based education of adults and children through the student-centered learning?

Prof: Yes, I do agree with you. But the enemies of my country never let it to develop from the day one. World powers has always been in struggle to get the helm of its affairs by imposing a number of multi-dimensional wars because of its geo-political importance.

Amrit: Wars engage the leadership in security concerns that causes many lacuna's in the handling of other issues of great importance. If you fail to educate people, to live with peace and contentment, they become easy prey in the hands of your enemy. Enemies fund to create an intellectual anarchy, discontentment and mistrust in the people's heart and mind, so the state and its vital organs like army, judiciary, executive and parliament become ineffective with the passage of time.

Prof: Due to security threats to our country from many sides since independance, our people, army and our leadership remained busy fighting against enemy, so many areas of importance remained unkempt for we continued compulsorily the same system left by the British in the sub-continent. In this state of emergency, our religious scholar feels free to teach and preach a religion of his own choice... a trader to sell things at the prices of his own desire... some of the parliamentarians too take no interst in law making so they do nothing in the name of deadlock but they are always found agreeing upon increasing their pays hundreds of times besides legalized commissions and kickbacks out of the development funds.

Amrit: In this way, they have created first right to work for the welfare of poor parliamentarians working days and nights. *Ha-ha-ha*

Prof: There has always been great fluctuation in the destiny of Pakistan. Seemingly, our political elite is under the shadow of the British Raj, they flourish days and nights

instead of Pakistan by developing housing colonies and societies, the land for which is acquired under the law and it is later developed using public tax. Many of the politicians who control the helm of public affairs, live in Islamabad beyond the reach of dirty people at least for five yearly terms. Often accountability bureau exposes corrupt elements and tells people how many counting machines were used to count their kickbacks; they own elite class schools to educate the elite and public schools to educate the commoners, a binary system on equal grounds. Railways has become a death ride to give way to their private transport companies. Crops are bought from the peasants at the lowest rates and then saved in stores to be sold back to people at prices of their own choice. Quality education of common citizens is marred by them only to save themselves from the awareness of the people. You need to qualify the commission exams to become a servant of the state from the lowest to the highest ranks. But you need not to pass any exam to qualify to become a politician as well as a minister.

Amrit: How ridiculous it is?

Elena: Because, there is controlled democracy? Why it is so Professor? Why the democratic parties fail to serve the people?

Prof: Controlled democracy is our necessity for we have low literacy rate, low quality education, while in democratic system an ignorant's and a PhD's vote is equal. Most of our politicians aren't well aware of the everchanging international scenario. There has been just one ruling party since independence viz. establishment, that controlled all the affairs of the country through thick and thin. But, owing to maladministration by some leading position holders at different times of our history, our people

have become suspicious about them though our people love the country very much.

Amrit: Your people are not well-educated; how can they ensure their basic human rights?

Prof: You are right that majority of our people is illiterate, but globalization has bestowed on our people a new kind of enlightenment. People to people contact through social media all over the world has brought positive changes.

Machiko: I think social media and AI has changed the peoples' thinking.

Prof: Yes, it is true, but our people are aware of their rights. They dislike any kind of interference in the government by external elements, puppet political electables and international powers, as they work in divesting them of their basic human rights.

Elena: International powers, especially the rising superpowers work only for their own interests.

Prof: Such powers must work for the benefits of the people around the world, instead of collaborating with the unwanted regimes of the third world countries and their local political elite which are still fighting to live in the era of the historic feudalism.

Elena: They have created a trika. Aren't they?

Amrit: It is a Devil's Triangle or a Dragon's Triangle?

Prof: *(laughs)* Whatever kind of triangle it maybe, they must try to make the world a place of peace instead of a walled jail like Gaza or Ukraine.

Annette: Our civilization is ripe now. Isn't it? It is common people's thinking that international powers are trying to impose their new-colonial imperial agenda on the third world countries through IMF and the World Bank by controlling their economies. They squeeze the blood from the bodies of the common people in the form of taxes and leave all fields free for the powerful. They offer aid, with smiling hypocrite faces, that turns into AIDS laterly. They compel imposed illegitimate regimes to accept their puppet politicians, planted expert economists; who serve to impose agenda of the Big Brothers.

Elena: International powers must think that it is change that rules the world.... So, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," said Jesus of Nazareth.

Prof: All great powers commit the same crimes when in power, "The closer the collapse of the empire, the crazier its laws are," said Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Machiko: Honesty is deficient in the third world countries' leadership?

Prof: Yes, in third world countries, corruption is no crime if you belong to an elite family, for in the parliament you have an opposition to support you to make it appear as a political case that is meant to malign politicians in power. For your information, to become a politician, you need no education.

Machiko: You just need deep pockets in support. *Ha-ha-ha*

Elena: What about judiciary in the third world countries? Judges can be the saviors of the public rights and ideological boundaries?

Prof: You may check their position in the world graph. In many third world countries, to become a judge of a junior

judiciary you need to pass the commission, but to become a judge of an apex court you need political backing only. Our Prophet Muhammad SAW once warned to his companions that a time will come when Europeans will govern the worldly affairs. “Our number will be so little at that time,” asked the companions with respect? No, no, you will be far greater in numbers than now but you will leave justice, thus prophesied the Prophet of Allah SAW.

Elena: ...And then what of education?

Prof: In many postcolonial countries, to become a teacher or professor at schools and colleges you need to pass competitive exams but to become a VC you need political wisdom at your back. In short, you can feel yourself surrounded by mafias in the democratic “Animal Farm” of such countries.

Elena: How your country faces your enemies?

Prof: Luckily our wise leaders have developed nuclear weapons to get minimum deterrence against our enemy, for our enemy is many times big in area and numbers to us, but unluckily we lag behind for having no weapons to counter our ignorance in ratio to our increasing population.

Sani: Education system is much too low in quality in postcolonial countries, particularly when we talk about research.

Prof: In third world countries, many planted authors and researchers misguide students by writing and promoting pornographic and incestuous stories, to appear like a liberal and modern scholar. Their trembling fingers stir in the intellectual weakling’s cleavage, thus they try to become a quality research supervisor and so they disrespect intelligencia and ruin morality.

Amrit: They say that your founder M. A. Jinnah preferred to live in the Ziarat residency in his last days? He was truly the greatest Muslim leader of the world at that time. Wasn't he? *She looks askance.*

Prof: Yes, he is the greatest Muslim leader of all times. His honesty is beyond question. But, his Islamic ideologies instigated his enemies internationally.

Machiko: Some say that he was murdered. He was sent to a backward area for treatment. His car waited for hours at railway crossing. Wasn't it so?

Prof: Some theories endorse your statement. Some people question that why he was sent to Ziarat Residency, almost 120 km away from Quetta, still backward, for the medical treatment of the founder Governor General, with last stage tuberculosis, forth after independence, and why his sister Fatima was medaled with the honor of a traitor and disqualified to contest elections on the allegations of not being able to pay the water bill.

Their rovers stop near the footbridge of Chhanjal Ghat, they alight and now begin hiking...towards the Jheel Ana Sagar. A beautiful natural track full of greenery around, with voices of animals, fully covered by the young trees...a mesmerizing track to walk on... There are numerous birds chirping around. There is Cuckoo's coo, cackling of Woodpeckers, love notes of the Quails (Bater) and francolin (Teeter), talking Parrots, hooting of eagle Owls; Stone Chat, rock, russet and crowned Sparrows, singing of the Baya weavers, good-luck sign greater Coucal (Kamadi kaaN), ring necked Pheasants, White and brown Egrets or Heron, Murghabi or Grouse, Neel Kanth or Magpie, the sweet-sounding Hoopoe, Pigeons, Lali (Myna), Eagle, White breasted Waterhen (Jal Kukri), Dove, Crow, Red-wattled lapwing (Tatyoli), Bats, the conqueror of Aksumite

army of Abraha, the Swallows (Ababeel) etc. Animals like deer, wild cats, jackals, dogs, pigs, hedge hog and pangoline etc.

Elena: Your neighboring country Afghanistan has always been a headache for the people of the West, owing to its history of never being ruled by foreigners. Its people never accept foreign rule and hegemony. They have a long history of fighting against the invaders like Alexander, the British Empire, the USSR and the USA.

Prof: According to the popular public opinion, the last decade has brought the Taliban to power in Afghanistan. The US invasion, fully assisted by NATO is defeated by the Afghans at last. In the praise of freedom lover Afghans the poet philosopher Iqbal has written:

Afghan Baqi,

Kuhsaar Baqi,

Al-hukmo Lillah,

Wal-Mulko Lillah.

Trans: Afghans are alive,

And mountains standing still,

For all commands rest with Allah,

All countries belong to Allah.

They all admire after listening to the quatrain written by the great poet Iqbal.

Machiko: However, after the post nine eleven attacks, the allied forces' invasion in Afghanistan will leave cultural

and media impact so long lasting. It will leave its impregnable impact forever (both positive and negative) propagated through the electric media.

Prof: Outwardly, Islamic cultural roots haven't fully lost, their force, in the hearts and minds of Afghans though, but the outer luster has got a stain of worldly change, for things fall apart inwardly.

Sani: Twenty years of the clash of civilizations ended up in the pyrrhic victory of the Afghans over the West, as it always happened in Afghanistan throughout the known human history, except Islamization.

Prof: Pakistan has been generously hosting world's greatest refugee influx of Afghans numbering almost four million since 1979. Pakistan has had to face the calamities of war in Afghanistan, whether it is an invasion by the USSR or the USA.

Machiko: How strange it is that during this clash, the entire world including the neighbors of Afghanistan faced the invasion of Covid-19 pandemic, waves after waves, but Covid-19 remained aloof from interfering in this region of warfare where the USA and her allies were fighting. *Ha-ha-ha. They all chuckle.*

Then...Machiko asked about a teacher's role in Pakistan...

Prof: We Pakistani's are poorly educated for not being able to develop upto date quality primary education like in Japan or USA. Our education has made us able to wear the card "For Sale," all over the world. Our teachers aren't given any kind of special training like the successful military academies to become true nation builders... So with this primitive learning we're available to any purchaser whoever can pay us better. Regrettably, this outdated education

system has produced such researchers who prefer to drive a truck in the USA than to do research in the Pakistan.

Machiko: It can be so in a barren society only dear professor.

Prof: Our barren outdated system has made us so owing to some of our incompetent leader's unending, unbridled and uncontrollable worldly desires. We're gifted with a legacy of passivity, sluggishness and dishonesty by the British Raj in the form of an ignorant society. These people would work so well when they are working for others, like slaves. They deceive their own people, but work honestly for Others. As a nation, we prefer flattery and nepotism to merit, so we don't like men of merit amongst our teachers or anywhere.

Amrit: How simple it is to become complicated.

Ha-ha-ha they all laugh...

Prof: Once in a class, a boy asked me, sir, how and why a student should show his or her allegiance and loyalty to the government of his/her country while he or she is compelled to acquire monetary assistance from poor parents or by working overtime, to pay heavy fees of the private educational, health and judicial institutions despite paying high taxes on each and everything we buy? What are other services provided to the citizens by the Government in return, except a right to get a NADRA card, that, too, is got by payment? Neither education, nor health, nor justice.... Then what is for us...just a polluted air, water and food; occupied lands, over-taxed business and disrespect in the hands of those who are enrolled in the name of public service? Such a hopelessness is embedded in the young minds by whom I don't know? Sometimes I think it is an outcome of globalization. People watch the lifestyles of the

rich countries' people and become discontented. *Feels Puzzle and astonished.*

Machiko: Schools, colleges and universities are the most important doors out of which can appear the future nursery of well-bred citizens who would shoulder the heavy weight of the whole fabric of a country's all-round system. Singapore is an ideal example which you can follow.

Prof: Education shouldn't be a business. Should it be? A chain of private sector is replacing the public sector.

Elena: Can private institutions catering low fees low quality, and high fees high quality, impart to students a sense of love and patriotism when they seek fee for educational business?

Prof: Education has turned out to be a successful business here. Moreover, paid things can't create a sense of love (*smiles underlip looking towards Amrit*).

Amrit: Love and loyalty demand parental patronage by the country!

Prof: A female student questioned me, sir, shouldn't a country look after its citizens? Shouldn't a citizen be treated as a child of the state?

Amrit (*interrupted in*): I think a sense of mutual, lovely feelings must be created between a citizen and a state, for the best interests of the nation. To me the provision of a quality education through highly qualified, highly paid teachers, selected and trained by a state-run department, can create a sense of loyalty in a citizen, towards the state.

Prof: With the passage of time, Government institutions have weakened, defamed and lessened in numbers against the increasing population in ratio: by the ignorance,

sluggishness or weak administrative management, that provided space to the capitalist wolves to raise such business empires in the name of educational and health institutions, so they have toppled down this foundational frontline of our country's safeguard.

Sani: It happens so in the third world countries like us. Especially through the random selection or external powers funded and guided syllabus, and a selection of team and faculty on grounds of institutional commercial business point of view. How ridiculous it is that even in the universities (the topnotch educational institution) their all-working members are acquired on political and personal allegiance: mournfully their teaching faculty is recruited in the same way. They are not selected, recruited or even promoted by any national recruitment department to ensure the quality.

Elena: Aren't all these factors weakening the trust relationship of a citizen on the state?

Machiko: In education system, these merciless tycoons and mafia are grinding their own axes in the name of national or global services! They are fleas who suck the blood of people on educational subsidy.

Sani: National democratic systems are also going to give a set back to the world at large, for upper class, people's desires lead them towards the fulfillment of their epicurean thirsts. It is only natural law, gist of which is found in the authentic religious books, that can guide humanity towards the welfare of the mankind.

Elena: Through rightful earnings you fulfill the will of your Lord and win a prized life for all human beings. While if you pile up resources around yourself, through unfair

means, it makes you certainly die like the tragical Dr. Faustus under the burden of personal desires.

Walk through the jungle is complete near Jheel Ana Sagar before the bridge of Abdal Cheema, there are sweet potato plants all around. There are hundreds of acres of wheat fields currently harvested, wherever you look, far and far, till the meeting place of earth with the sky. while in the lake there are lotus flowers and water chestnut leaves in plenty, covering the whole surface... Elena plucked a few lotus flowers and handed over to Machiko and Amrit. Amrit decorates a few lotus flowers in her long tresses around her head.

Now, they are ready to move towards the next location.

Act III

Scene II

Travelling on the

Sher Shah Suri Grand Trunk Road

They are speeding towards the Tilla Jogiyan, Jhelum. A place with three monastic complexes: Hindu, Budh and Sikh, situated here. It is a beautiful place near Dina. They are enjoying eating Nughdi, Khakharpura, Chakwali Rayori, Kheel etc.

On the way they start their poetic recitation, so Elena requests for a poem.

Elena: Now there should be a poem by the poet Professor Sani...

Prof Sani: OK ... be ready to listen to it. It is a little reversal of an historical piece of literary masterpiece 'Othello' by Shakespeare...I have created a feminist Desdemona under the guidance of dear Professor Sadiq.

(Says looking towards Amrit and Sadiq; a little bit smiling under lips)

In features she is fairy aglow,
And heart snatching beauty bro,
Desdemona is Miss Dina now,
Her father isn't Barbanito,
And isn't a Venetian senator,
He lives in Idanre Hills now,
Alchemist by occupation,
Housa is spoken language now,
And no more is General, Othello:
A middle aged cherry like fellow,
He is a retired soldier though,
Both are serving professors now,
Desdemona is a researcher bro,
No less is Othello with poetic flow,
Soldier, scholar, literary fellow:
They're living far from the societal flow,
Sobbing, heaving, and breathing below:
Wandering Batholith, Ogun, now,
They are living scholars' bro.

Prof: A reversed tragedy indeed my bro.... *All burst in a loud laughter.*

Amrit: An insatiable love turns into an essential evil, Ha-ha-ha. *They laugh*

Elena: Famous poets look at the world as the world likes to be looked at: great poets look at the world as they please.

Prof: Now, a triolet that I would like to dedicate to the beauty of Professor Elena.

Though looking at Amrit he recites...

“Shall I compare you with the winter moon...?”

Rustling through the lotus lake in darkness,
Shall I compare you with the winter moon?

Yoking my heart in your charming harness,
Rustling through the lotus lake in darkness,

Oh! My pain of jilted love and your farness,
Would you meet me in the cloudy afternoon?

Rustling through the lotus lake in darkness,
Shall I compare you with the winter moon?

Elena: I am humbled dear professor.

They begin talking again on politics.

Machiko: People don't love dictators apparently though, but they do respect them because they torture and kill violently.

People love and respect saints because they love without any greed of return.

Elena: When God wants the rise of a nation, He puts 'love' in them for each other, but it takes a start from the ruler or the ruling class.

Even if love is one-sided, it can produce success up to fifty percent.

Sani: There are 360 degrees but our vision can't see all the three hundred and sixty degrees at a time... so our thoughts and beliefs are similarly different...

Amrit: Rulers, basically want a robotic world or a world full of adulators saying the same things they want... they should let them speak and think differently...

Elena: Yes! What you need to promote among them is mutual respect, trust and support... Work on the points of similarity when you are among people...

Prof: Divide and rule breeds hatred and abhorrence which can't serve for long... In such a state, each member becomes a plunderer: they secure promotions through all means to plunder, so they can't develop such a crowd into a nation.

Sani: That's why the British Empire shrank back within the shadow of her stone henges. Love for all serves you best, especially when both parties successfully build trust. It prolongs rule.

Elena: A ruler needs to love his people and vice versa. Slaves are owned by a master, not by a ruler. A commander wins respect through his beloved soldiers, not through the slavish specie, of which he is one.

Sani: Powerful, colonized countries' existent rulers are on the payrolls of their old masters in their respective centers. Unluckily, they are victims to their petty lustful thinking, so they serve their own desires instead of ruling successfully.

Elena: Such rulers compromise the whole country, province or cities, and prefer their family business: they buy a small island, a place so small instead of creating his country into a power like the USA, China and Japan.

Machiko: Please stop this world of politics and let us listen to some poetic piece from Elena. Will you please, Elena?

Elena: Yes of course my dear, how can I refuse your request? A sonnet I would like to share from the 'Burning Silhouette.'

Could the life be a breath?
Centuries ago, restrained,
That mighty painful breath,
Might have been exhaled.
Pain of life could be endgame,
A journey like, come and go,
Like a straw, without a name,
No Ocean waving, ebb and flow.
Ocean of life can navigate,
Soul is hovering anchorage,
Almond eyed, is my soul mate,
Memories nibbling mighty sage.

Voice of my princess dame,
Asks to write her second name. (Alias)

Prof: She asks to write and use her second name, wow!
What a shyness!

All are full of praises for this sonnet....

Prof: Every war or anarchy in a state ends up at last on a table talk... Anarchy takes birth out of injustice. Islam, very logically, offers the mutineers who have a difference of opinion on a certain point, a complete forgiveness if they surrender unconditionally, one can take an example from the orders of the fourth Rashidun caliph who forgave those who surrendered, and they served the empire later on like Muhammad bin Abu Bakar and Malik Ashter.

They are on the track again which leads to the top. They reach after a while, a little bit perspiring and gasping in the sunny day.

They are looking at each and every monastery, and they are taking photographs.

Amrit and professor sat on a side of the Guru Nanak Pond near the olive grove. Amrit's face is glowing like sunlight. Professor is looking steadily into her eyes blankly.

Amrit: What are you looking at Professor?

Prof: *a little bit disturbed...* No, no, nothing. *She smiles.* You look like Heer; a beauty that mesmerizes.

Amrit shyly smiles again, and asks him for the recitation of some piece of his poetry, in the language of Heer viz. Punjabi.

Prof: Ok. *He recites...*

Laal, Jevin Panbarh machiya huwaey Gulnar da,
Makhan Gulabi, rung meri Sarkar da.

Nathli ohdi, chan J pehli Vaar da,
Lun luN ohda, sawan thathaN mar da.

Kum kumian naal Zulf sajai phirda eiy,
Kajjal akhiyan; Hirn O neeli baar da.

Galhan deiy Vich doreiy laataN maar deiy,
Bhulian eveiN nazik, phull Kachnar da.

Sochein gummiya, howkeiy perda rehnaN vaN,
Eda tikha zakhm J ous Kataar da.

Joban, Charhda suraj Ous matyar da,
Chan deiy aggeiy pani Shooker mar da.

Ke dassaN main ohdeiy Naaz andaz Ali,
Jawab naen J, Ohdi teiy chhankar da.

Trans:

Gem, or more like aflamed flower of pomegranate,
Butter pink, is the color of my sweetheart.

Her nose ring, is just like the crescent, and
Each of her limb is like a showering monsoon.

She wears lotus flowers in her tresses,
Kajal eyes, like a deer of Neeli Baar,

Her cheeks are radiant like rays,
Her lips are delicate like bauhinia flowers.

Lost in her thoughts, I sob for her,
For such a deep cut give her scimitar eyes,

Fully bosomed, like the summer sun, a buxom.
Like the sea susurrant at lunar tide.

What to tell of her coquettish flirts Ali!
Even her anklet chime is matchless.

*All clapp from behind as if they were eavesdropping the
poetic recitation. Amrit's face glows with the sense of
beauty with shyness...*

*Then they all begin discussing about the next visiting point
that is 'Kallar Kahar'*

Act III

Scene III

Kallar Kahar

A Natural Sanctuary of Peacocks

They reach 'Kallar Kahar' the beautiful place, a jungle full of peacocks, where King Baber addressed his soldiers. They are quite happy in this earthly paradise. They talk a lot.

Machiko: What would you say about language phenomena?

Prof: Language is "The sameness of necessary experiences, likes, dislikes, history and myth within a certain group or groups, or community to impart meanings and communication." Whatever matches between them becomes meaning and meaningful, but rest of it becomes illegible till knowledge of it is achieved ... So is the vice versa with mad ones..

Amrit: No two people on earth have the same experience, so language of all is somewhat different from each other according to their experience or comprehension... It is just

the sameness which gives meaning, all besides is incomprehensible...

Elena: Liking and likeness among people or the others creates meanings though, they may be different altogether. Whoever has much fondness or necessity for language, experiences it and learns.

Now, they are fascinated by the scenic beauty in the lush green jungle. They are gossiping, laughing and walking. At last, on the request of Amrit Kaur, Professor recited his poem:

This is the place,
Where you were flowered,
And this is the place,
Where the love showered:
Is this politics or, the love?
The triumph felt like lowered:
The eyes ignite a business,
Emotions felt as borrowed:
Speech grounded grave,
Heart's throbbing coward:
Certainty lost virginity,
Suspicion's dust hovered:
Beauty's stolen innocence,
Aren't you loved: O' beloved!

Sani: Cruelty is at work from individual regime (of Cain) by killing his brother Abel, to international skimming of great powers through military industrial complexes. Now they will hegemonies the world that is global village now.

Elena: They will reign the world through noose. They retain others busy in the worldly joys through epicurean syllabi and the porn industry...:

Prof:

We are in a global childhood,
Corporate military culture,
Carpet bombing, Tora Bora, Guantanamo bay jail,
Streets exploded and borders full of mines,
Tearing Geneva accord...

Machiko: They invest more on negative effects and ideas than on good... They are always on the way to lead through cleverness than through love and commitment... They prefer desire over Nature ...

Sani: Globalization has brought new challenges for mankind... Humanity needs to gird up its loins to fight for survival... Greedy wolves are hegemonizing each and every thing through media, propaganda and indoctrination... They are mean mentally, so they can't bear pinkish on Others' faces...

Amrit: They ignore the reality that one can't allure oneself of one's own face... We make palatial houses for gardeners to live and enjoy whilst we pass our whole life in a working place...

Now, they prepare to move on to next destination, the monastic Buddhist ancient complex “The Stone Temple” at Takht Bahi, Mardan.

Act III

Scene IV

“Takht-a-Bahi”

the Throne of the Water Spring

They are travelling speedily on the motorway towards Mardan, KPK, Pakistan. They reach after a few hours' drive. They are amazed looking at the beautiful ancient monastic complex. They are talking as well as taking photographs. Guides are giving them information about the oldest educational institution of the world that was destroyed by the nomadic Hun invaders. The monastery was founded in the 1st century, and remained in use until the 7th century AD. The complex is regarded by archaeologists as being particularly representative of the architecture of the Buddhist monastic centers from its era.

Machiko: What kind of ruling system is in Pakistan?

Prof: *cracks in laughter and says...* Generally, our enlightened people think that...

Lo! Here reigns now,

Imbecile, greediot, fanatic!

In this land of pures.

Smiles

Sani: It means there is conflict of supremacy in Pakistan as it is in most of the African countries.

Prof: After the birth of Pakistan there started a war of supremacy amongst its politicians in both the wings; East and the West... it was purely a tug of war for supremacy... owing to want of intellectual or national thinking they worked for individual enterprises... because Muslims were poorly educated as they were most annihilated people at the hands of the British Raj... After the sad and suspicious death of the Quaid there was no back up leadership holding the same vision... Country was in the hands of ambitious and immature leadership. Having personal interests to secure and feudal mentality... So there was little scope of leading this troublesome land...

Sani: Why your country was broken in the war of seventy one with India?

Prof: India and Indian leaders were not ready to give muslims their basic rights as equals, though M. A. Jinnah “the ambassador of Hindu Muslim unity” tried his best to persuade Hindu leadership to accept it but in vain. Hindu leaders with Hindutva ideology have been trying to destroy Pakistan since its birth by all means. Pakistan was never given its financial, military and geographic rights due on India; rather Indian leaders and generals proved themselves as bitter enemies by imposing series of wars on us to

become so-called field martials like Sam Bahadur by fighting against a newly born country. While they had well trained, well organized armed forces, a strong legacy left by the British. So they dreamed of to cut Pakistan into many pieces or completely obliterate it by creating anarchy through unfair means. At that time our unforesighted leadership handled the situation without professional integrity. As many leaders tried to imbibe in people's minds that we didn't need Eastern Pakistan (Now Bangladesh) for being hundreds of kilometers away, a marshy flooded land. However this cutting was like that of a star fish as both the parts regenerated. Ridiculously, one of such leader once said that we need not Siachin glacier for there isn't even a piece of grass to eat.

Elena: (*Interrupts in*) ...While the British ruled from a far-flung area of the world.

Prof: Yes, you're right. India usurped the state of Haider Abad and Kashmir at the time of Pakistan's birth that's why we needed strong armed forces to safeguard our boundaries for maintaining minimum deterrence. Their generals feel proud after getting little cunning successes against Pakistan through lowly acts but they wouldn't mention their utter failures against China, a country equal in force.

Amrit: It means your budget has been mainly consumed on security that's why your people are left neglected for not been able to get modern education to develop and safeguard their basic human rights.

Prof: Yes, we the people are left illiterate and disregarded comparatively, for our enemy gave us tough time being many times bigger in number and fighting capacity. Our situation is more aggravated owing to incompetent leaders who need ignorant people to rule easily.

Elena: Are your people happy?

Prof: 'Happiness belongs to those who can make it wait'...
said the Chinese sage Confucius. *Ha-ha-ha they laugh.*

Amrit: What is future then?

Prof: They say, explore your own traces, you are a myth in
yourself.

Muntazir baithay hen...

Saqi be ha hum be hen...

Trans: We are waiting,

We, as well as the barman...

ACT IV

Scene I

Sham-A-Ghazal

A program of “Sham-A-Ghazal” is arranged by the University administration under the headship of chair English Language and Literature, while the chief host is the Chairman Board of Governors, according to the tradition of the Ghazal recitation program.

A great hall is fully packed with the students: in the front row, the visitor researchers are seated in the center, and on both of their sides, faculty members are seated on sofas.

Stage is decorated according to the literary taste of the Chair of the English Dept. who is himself a renowned English and Urdu poet.

Professor Annette Nasser is administering the whole affairs of the function.

A beautiful electric candle is prominent with its prismatic colors that will be symbolically put before the poet the one

who would be reciting his or her Ghazal, as it is the tradition.

Audience, especially the foreign guests, are served with Peshawari lemonade Qehwa and dry fruit added with Gurr by the well-dressed servants in the high quality locally made porcelain cups.

Professor Annette Nasser conducts the program as soon as the stage guests get seated after their formal calling of names one after one.

Traditionally, the program starts with the recitation of The Holy Quran.

Sura Kausar is recited by a student along with its English translation:

Bismillaahir Rahmaanir Raheem.

Trans: Allah's name all the beginnings, the most merciful, the beneficent.

Innaa a'taina kal Kauthar,

Fa salli li Rabbika wanhar,

Inna shani-aka huwal abtar.

English Translation of Surah Al-Kauser:

Indeed, we've granted you plenteous,

Pray to thy Lord and Sacrifice,

Verily, your enemy shall become issueless.

Naat k Ashar by Annette...

Hum ney ik Aftaab deikha ha,
Chaand jaisi adaeiN hen jis meiN,

Chaand taarey hen manzaleiN uski,
Deikho aisi adaein hen us meiN.

Trans: We've seen a sun, bearing moonlike serenity,

The moon and stars are his destinations, he bears such a
quality.

Annette Nasser: Our Prophet Muhammad SAW recited the
Rajaz (a famous genre in Arabic poetry as quoted by Imam
Bukhari and Muslim) in the war of Huanin against the
infidels, though he was not a poet:

"Annan Nabiyyu La Kazib
Anna ibnu Abdil Muttalib"

I am a Prophet; it is not a lie,
I am the sun of ibn-a-Abdul Mutalib.

*Ghazals will be sung in English as well as in Urdu.
Foreign guests are fully aware of the local languages.*

Annette Nasser: Now, I'd request, Chair of The Dept. of
English to come and recite the poem:

Chair of the Dept. of English recites thus:

Mashrik peiy aungusht ba dundaN,
Ghaer Amli Islamiyyat pey pareishaN.

Beiy ilmi aur beiy aqli peiy haeraN,
Khawahish a hoor o ghilmaN peiy lerzaaN.

Sehmi hueN, firdos a breN per,
Jannat ke hooruN k Naam.

Husn a beiy perwah k Naam,
Ahoo a Balto Baagh k Naam,

Kajlai aankhuN k Naam,
Chhanjal Ghat ke sham k Naam.

PooreiyChand ke chandni meiN,
Jagti hui aankhuN k Naam.

Jalteiy Thall k Teelon meiN,
Chalti hui Sassi k Naam.

Heer aur Ranjhay k seeneiy meiN,
Bajti hui bunsī k Naam.

Ishko Mohabbat ke lehrūN meiN,
Doobi hui Sohni k Naam.

Pindi k damin meiN soE,
Rawal ke Jugni k Naam.

Ulfat mein Sulagteiy huweiy,
Sehraey Roohi k Naam.

Shermo haya ke Makhmal meiN,
Lipti hui us Hoor k Naam.

Gilgit ke Khazan Raseeda,
BerFeeli ratuN k Naam.

Mereiy Gaoun ke Shabnam meiN,
Doobi hui sub-ha k Naam.

Main Ashaar ye kerta huN,
Main Ashaar ye kerta huN.

Trans: Amazed at the people of the East,

Perplexed at the impractical claim of Islam by so called
Muslims.

Surprised at the dupe and ignorant's,

Desire for the Hoor and Ghilman.

At buffoon's desire, for the paradise:

I dedicate my poetry to the bewildered Hoors in the
paradise.

I pledge my Poetry to unconcerned beauty:

To the Axis deer of Baltistan and Bagh;

To kajal eyes;

To the evenings, of Chhanjal Ghat.

To the sleepless eyes (in love),

In the moonlight of the full moon.

To the bare feet Sassi,

In the burning dunes of Thal.

To the ethereal music,

In the bosoms of Heer and Ranjha.

To the drowning Sohni,

In the waves of the river of love.

To the Jugni of Rawal,

Ever sleeping in the valley of Pothohar.

To the Ruhi desert,

Scorching with passion.

To that diffident Hoor (of mine),

Wrapped in shyness.

To the autumnal Gilgit,

And its frosty nights.

To the dew wet morns,

Of my beloved village.

I dedicate my Verses;

I dedicate my Verses...

Annette: Now I would request to the famous African poet and scholar Sani Kasim Ghabi to come and recite his English Ghazal being the guest poet...

The poet professor Sani sings thus...

In my sleeping eyes, your dreams land,

And my virgin prayers, at your doorsill stand.

Daylight glittering cheeks, pinkish rose,

Maddening fragrance spread jasmine garland.

I can listen the rustles, of your softest steps,

Warring deepest emotions, in your eyeland.

My vision blurs, in the lap of love so shy,
The touch of your soft, delicate yellow hand.

Strewn on your way autumnal water lilies,
Giggling icicles rush to kiss your forehead.

Madness prevails Sani, if love is not so silly,
Let my thirsty lips on your love's honey land.

Audience enjoy and praise the recitation for a long time...

Anette Nasser: However, for the convenience of the poets, it is allowed that the poets can recite all types of poetry: for Ghazal traditionally needs to be sung by the poet. The next poet is Professor Dr. M. R. Gohar...he will recite a poem from his most recently published work "Yellow Leaves." He is a poet with four English poetic books to his credit:

Dr. M. R. Gohar recites from his bookas:

Yellow Leaves...
The moments I bid farewell
were sudden and small
like the fall of yellow leaves
Falling from the trees
In the mid of autumn.

Your eyes transfixed in me
with a clamor behind them
Like a storm in a teacup.
I was not slick inside too.
I'd queries and questions
About the moments we lived
The days and dates we spent
The gifts we exchanged.
I said so many words
without any syllables
Sighs were unuttered
Drops were unshed
throat got chocked
Eyes fixed like a desert.
I was curious
And hoped for spring
But that was just a hope
Leaves once fallen
Can't be put back
On the same boughs.
Thousands of showers
And years of spring
Can't work
In retrieving
The bygone days...

A big applause and the voices of hurray thunders the hall roof.

Anette Nasser: The next poet Madam Sarwat Suhail is to recite the Ghazal. She is a well-known educationist, poet with a book to her credit “Dil Azariyan” as well as she is a prominent translator of “Waiting for Godot” by ‘Samual Beckett,’ and “Earth and Ashes” by ‘Atiq Rahimi’ and ‘Dr Faustus’ by ‘Christopher Marlowe.’

Madam Sarwat Suhail recites her favorite Ghazal in her own unique style:

Main Ney ik baat kahi sheir baney,
Meri ye hayat kati sheir baney.

Jab kabi khushi kati sheir baney,
Aur gham b meri zaat k sheir baney.

Meray halaat meri zindagi k misreiy hen,
Meray jazbaat meri shaeri mein sheir baney.

Dhoop neyJhulsa diay nazik chehrey,
Jalteiy sehra pei agr berseiy abar sheir baney.

Pipple ke shakhuN main dubak baithey parindey,
Sareiy sham jo Cheh-chahaeiy sheir baney.

Wo agr roz he ghar Aa’ay to ata rahey,
Sal ha sal jab hijr katey, to sheir baney.

Kisi ke chahat to seeney main he dam tourh gai,
Chaak damin koi dasht mein jaeiy to phir sheir baney.

Trans: I said something, it turned into poetry,
My life passed, and turned into poetry.

When I got happiness, it turned into poetry.
My sorrows as well turned into poetry.
My circumstances turned into verses,
My emotions turned into poetry.
The sun scorches the delicate visage,
Clouds burst on fiery desert, turned into poetry.
Birds take rest in Peepal tree,
Whenever they chirp, turns into poetry.
If my beloved comes, must come,
When I fall prey to waiting so long, turns into poetry.
The love (of someone) died in me,
If (my lover) visits in distress, turns into poetry.

The next poet is Amrit Kaur, who presents as thus the poem:

Lover and beloved on the edges,
Like a couple of snow tigers on,
The verges of a snow beaten canal,

Covered with a thick layer of mirrored,
Frost: the fire inside was fierce than outside
Frostbite... Their heads struck, a fiery breath,
Coming out of their nostrils as a storm,
Of agonizing pain of unfulfilled love strikes,
Eyes like burning coal dazzling the comet,
Do you know when weathers become neutral?
Meaningless, absurd and melting beneath...?
The volcano of emotions pours out,
The tigress' sweating... because of the fact
That the tiger, knowing all the regent warmth in her,
Ignores the sentiments unknowingly,
Out of innocence but under the threat of,
So much differences between the cultural skies.
One's heroes are other's villains...

Anette Nasser: Love knows no authority or power of dacoit
kings or queens... It is humanity that is the basis of love...

The next Ghazal will be sung by the famous Urdu poet
Sagar Sani....

He starts singing....

Meri yadoun k darecheiy main chala aya kouN?

Dil k mandap pa sar-a-sham chala aya kouN?

Tha Muqaddar dil-a-muztir ka magar kuchh b naheN,
Ban k yeh chand jharokey ka chala aya kouN?

Toot ker bikhar gai thee jo suron ke mala,
Ley k naiey geet ke mala yeh chala aya koun?

Hijr ke raat amawas k siyah perdoun meiN,
Saj k yun fasal-a-baharaN sa chala aya koun?

Aai Khushboo teri yadoun ka hawala ley kar,
Ley k phir shama, dil-a-nashad chala aya kouN?

Kaisi chup chap see pehlu sey lagi baithi thee,
Bina naqqara, dil-a-khamosh chala aya kouN?

Kho chuka thaa Ali barsoun apni tanhaai meiN,
Ley k ab rung-a-henna phir sey chala aya kouN?

Trans: Who came into the window of my memories?

Who came on the stage of my heart, in the evening?

The fate of the troubled heart was, but something nothing,

Who came into the balcony of my heart like a Moon?
The symphony of my songs had scattered nowhere,
Who have come again with a new raga?
In the curtains of the darkest night of distance (from
beloved),
Who have come with such a magnificent beauty?
The fragrance has come with the reference of yours,
Who have come with a kindle, O my sad heart?
How quietly it stayed in my heart,
Who have come in it, O' quiet heart, without a trumpeters
call?
Ali had lost himself for years in his solitude,
Who have appeared with the color of Henna again?

Audience are full of prizes for the ghazal....

Annette: The next poem will be recited by Elena Rogojina
written as a 'Triolet' ... welcome Elena Rogojina,
please...

Elena Rogojina sings:

Will you ever be mine...?

If I give my heart and soul,
All of me and all of mine.

Streams and oceans,
Moons and stars,
Tell me O' dear!
Will you be mine...?
If I give my heart and soul,
All of me and all of mine.
Autumnal moon and winter wine.
Monsoon showers,
filamenco guitars.
If I give my heart and soul,
All of me and all of mine.
Streams and oceans,
Moons and stars.

Anette Nasser: Let me close the doors of my heart, for the Ghazal that is now going to be presented is my favorite one and I think all would like listening to it as much as me... please listen to this Ghazal from Professor Sadiq Sherwani.

Professor Sadiq Sherwani, starts singing Ghazal-A-Hina from the book Rung-A-Hina:

Aisa Nahen Keiy Yaad mujheiy mud-dua naheN,
Ous fitna khoo k haath sey ger dil bcha naheN.

Haal iztarabeiy dil ka kiyun ker kahun usey.
Jis khoobru k lab pey koi dua naheN.

Ous zorwar k rubruu kaisey kahuN bhala,
Lagta ha mera dil magar terey siwa naheN.

Subheiy ka noor ha yahaN, phir sham ke shafaq,
Ab kiya jo zindagi mein ik rung-a-Hina naheN.

Wo humko Chahta ha to dharkan meiN aa Baseiy,
Ye dil ha koi aashram ya butkadah naheN.

Main kiyun na tor duN sabhi beykar rabteiy,
Aashik huN apka koi khawmkhah naheN.

Mehsoos horaha ha lams teri saans ka,
Ik aarzu thee apki, is k siwa naheN.

Jis teergi-a-zulf sey uljha huwa huN maiN,
Ghaflat shuaar ha magar dil ka bura naheN.

Leiy kar hamara dil kaha aap jai-eiy,
Ab is meiN aik hum rahen gey doosra naheN.

Poochha Ali sey tum ho 'Wo' phir chala giya,
Meri duaouN ka asar is sey barha naheN.

(Translation)

It's not that I don't remember my pleadings (of love),

But what! If my heart is fettered by her alluring charms.

How can I tell her about the anxiety of my heart?

When there is no prayer on lips of that damsel, full of charms,

How to express in front of that arduous deity?

That my heart doesn't feel comfort but, in her company.

There is a light of dawn and then a glorious twilight,

What if only my sweetheart Henna isn't mine?

If you love me dearly: come, live in my heartbeats,

For my heart isn't like a temple or synagogue to set you in like an idol.

Why don't I break all idle contacts with others?

For I am your true lover, and not a naught.

I can feel the touch of your fragrant breath,

It is a desire having you as my sweetheart, no more than that.

As I am caught up in the darkness of her tresses,

For sure, She's just a little careless, not a cruel at heart.

She snatched my heart and commanded me to go, saying;

Now on, it is only mine, no one else can live in here.

She asked to "Ali" that "you" are the one who loves me?

My pleadings are accepted thus but no more than that.

*The program "Sham-a-ghazal" ends with great applause
from the audience.*

Act IV

Scene II

Shab Daig

After the completion of Sham-a-Ghazal all the guests are invited to a corner inside the university garden. It is fully decorated with seasonal flowers of all kinds of roses, narcissus, marigold, jasmine, primrose, periwinkle, hibiscus, snapdragon, hollyhock, magnolia, poppy and saffron of different colors. Here the guests will enjoy gossiping while sitting around a 'Shab Daig' in a semi-circle. It is a cold starry night packed with the enchanting 'coo' of the cuckoos.

Chief chef welcomes them and then shares information about the 'Shab Daig.' "Shab" means 'night' and "Daig" means 'cooking pot' in the Persian language, he informs. This cuisine is of Mughlai origin from the Kashmir Valley. He adds further, that it is a slow cooking turnip and mutton stew, traditionally left to simmer overnight. It is as delicious as it gets. It has a savory, spicy taste that will be loved by everyone. It includes boneless mutton, turnips, garlic, turmeric, salt, saffron, kewra, green cardamoms, cloves, cinnamon, onions, ginger, raw papaya ground,

cumin, caraway seeds, red chilli, whisked yogurt, whisked cream, almond, lemon, Kashmiri spices, black pepper and extra virgin Italian olive oil he asserts.

Prof: That's wonderful, a great meal it would be. What an appetizing aroma. *He breathes in pleasantly.*

Amrit: Why do your people mention imported goods so proudly? There is about 01 million ha or 22,254 square km² area of Pothohar, where you can cultivate millions of olive trees. Then why you don't do this to get rich edible oil instead of importing costly oils?

Annette: We prefer imported things over the indigenous things. It was long engraved in our minds during the British Raj that all local things are lower in quality in comparison to the Western things. *She says taking Amrit's hand in her hand softly.*

Professor looks naughtily to Amrit...

Sani: There are numerous Oak trees of the five species in Pakistan from which you can get best edible acorn oil but your people don't get it? *(He laughs)*

Prof: Slavery adds up passivity and sluggishness to a slave's habits, as slaves are tortured mentally as well as physically and they are ensured that they have low class brains than the rulers so little by little they begin accepting it. You can read minutes by Macaulay and the Kipling's poem 'The White Man's Burden' which strogly approves approve it.

Sani: Even the 'great brain' Hegel wrote so lowly about Africans, claiming that Africa is unhistorical, undeveloped spirit...devoid of morality, religions and political contitution. Might he knew how great men Africa has

produced like Nelson Mandela, Chinua Achebe, Wole Soyinka, Maya Angelou, Barack Husein Obama and Condoleeza Rice...

So sad a comment...

Elena: It must be accepted that your country is rich culturally, traditionally and in natural beauty of all types, yet it is poor or beggar in the eyes of the world, economically, why? Why people think its people are mercenaries? They can sale each and everything for material gains, but what we've seen after our visit is quite the vice versa. Just your two projects Saindak and Rico Diq can add net worth of trillions of dollars annually to your budget after paying all the debts.

Prof: You are right. Our government machinery is working its best to do so. However, there is Red Tapism that hinders, for mostly, the topnotch officers of all the departments get their training from the UK and the USA till now with great efforts and pride. They are still under the hallucinating slavish influence of the colonial mindset. After freedom they have been carrying on walking pleasingly on the same lines as drawn by the colonial British administrators.

Sani: Thus, Pakistanis rescued from the clutches of real Masters, fell prey to the coconut slave masters created by T.B. Macaulay's education policy?

Prof: Yeah, in a worsening condition we are now in comparison to our forefathers during the British Raj.

Machiko: Your country lags behind in paying due respect, regard and material reward to a teacher. Teacher is like a heart in the body of a society, if it is sick, the whole society

will suffer, if it is healthy, the whole society will progress rapidly.

Annette: Yes. We are unable to pay due regard to our intelligencia, especially teachers. To make pace with the world we need to see the Singaporean, the Chinese; the Japanese and the Malaysians paying respect and best rewards to their teachers more than any country of the world.

Amrit: Similarly, the Swiss, the Luxemburg and the German people pay their teachers so highly.

Machiko: The Japanese aren't much too interested in the business of accumulation of wealth leaving all their respect and patriotism aside; rather they prefer being good human beings. They are dead honest, true and loyal.

Annette: The Japanese respect their elders and love their kids, though it is ordained to the Muslims by the Prophet of Islam.

Prof: The "Empires of the future will be empires of the mind"..... *Said Winston Churchil, so you must pay much attention to your brains (interrupted in Amrit)*

Machiko: It is not worldly gain, wealth and knowledge only that matters the most, rather there are other behavioral properties which are equally important.

Annette: The greatest villain in Islam is Abu Jahl: a criterion of capitalism, a highly educated, leading businessman, chief of Mecca, once Abul Hakam, violent against children, women and poor relations, one who would never spare any in the matter of finances (a staunch believer of a penny saved a penny gained), one who denied the day of judgment, and the unknown treasures of Allah

Almighty, tried to take destiny in his hands by exercising complete power in all affairs of life. So, he lost everything at last.

Machiko: I am unable to understand the desire of the elite to be the slave of the colonizers till now? Though a night of slavery is worse than a thousand deaths.

Prof: Yes. Colonial administrators and their legacy with colonial mind-set run the country through their loyal natives and the incompetent politicians serve their utmost desires with pleasure. They wouldn't let freedom of mind and speech get prevalence so the journey of slavery is still continuing on and on in countries like ours. Indigenous masters are crueler than their Western counterparts, as they are their ideals in cruelty and command.

Amrit: Real freedom lies only in the minds and it gets expression through speech though, but most of the people are slaves for being unable to say NO to their masters.

Prof: Our whole history after the death of Quaid-e-Azam tilts between the lines of absolutely YES to absolutely NOT, so we failed to direct our education system from slavery to freedom for it suits to our so-called coconut elite class, really the remnants of British legacy. They kill or torture to death our own Tipus very proudly whose motto was, "One day of life like a tiger is better than a hundred years of life like a jackal."

Elena: Why they don't change their minds? Why they prefer slavery over freedom and throw their own people in servitude before the old masters by pushing them to leave the country? They don't have minds?

Prof: *Ha-ha-ha*. In simple words, it seems that they don't have minds, for their working focuses on individual gains

accumulated for at least for the seven upcoming generations in which they are much too successful but as a ruling class they are incompetent to uplift the whole nation to greatness in the present time. They are slaves to their individual desires for being slaves; while only great leaders build their nations.

Elena: In an era of modern sciences and artificial intelligence, we're still barbarians in our behaviors, especially with others.

Prof: Yes. Though, the kiss of Helen has immortalized our Dr. Faustus through AI; now our kids create AI characters to talk to and thus enjoy the same way as did Dr. Faustus.

Machiko: However, it depends on the fact that what haunts your heart and possesses your soul. AI can be used for good purposes like research and education etc.

Amrat: AI has certainly materialized the desire of our Dr. Faustus too. *She says looking at the professor. So, they all laugh at once.*

Prof: Now, we're able to travel to intra as well as to intergalactic resorts. We're searching for new grounds to burn our war explosives to pay back our weapon industrialists.

Sani: Such like journey is mentioned in the Holy Quran, in the story of Zulqarnain and Pharaoh. Some say that such travel is also mentioned in some histories by Noah A.S. and that of by Idrees A.S.

Prof: Now, we are heading towards the end of times that is why we are accumulating modern explosive weapons to

demolish humanity from the face of the earth unlike the great flood at the time of Noah A.S. In the words of James Baldwin:

“God gave Noah the rainbow sign,

No more water, the fire next time...”

Amrit: Thus would come, end of time...!?

Machiko: It appears that the ancient people were more advanced than we are now when we visit the ruins of the ancient civilizations?

Amrit: We can claim this on ground of the reality of the great engineer-ship employed in the making of Egyptian pyramids and in that of the Stone Henges.

Sani: Even the fourth Rashidun caliph Ali S.A. claimed that he knew the heavenly routes better than the earthly one

Prof: Such like travel towards the heaven and beyond the galactic horizons is mentioned in the Holy Quran in the story of Meraj of the Prophet Muhammad SAW and that of Messiah A.S.

Sani: A day will come when men will be able to interfere in the heavenly system. It was prophesied by our prophet Muhammad SAW in the beginning of seventh century AD and he himself broke the moon, claims Holy Quran and Hadith.

“The Hour (of Judgment) is nigh, *and the moon is cleft asunder.*” Quran 54:1

Prof: It is out of the signs of the sure happening of the doomsday.

Sani: I strongly approve the statement given by the Professor. Moreover, a day will come when the sun will be suspended in the West for so long by a man of science.

All are looking at Sani and Professors faces with utmost amazement as they are revealing such stories about the end of times.

Amrit: What is the concept of Jihad in Islam and the end of times? *(She changes the topic.)*

Sani: Jihad is a struggle, both physical as well as financial, for the sake of Allah, for the welfare of humanity without any personal greed.

Amrit: looks towards the professor for further explanation.

Prof: There is many types of Jihad in Islam. Warring type of Jihad in Islam is allowed under certain unavoidable situations. The highest type of Jihad in Islam is to speak the truth (exposing the misdeeds) in front of a cruel king. You can't kill someone for personal desires. Warring or qital can be exercised only for sake of defense and safety of poor against the cruel.

A man asked Hazrat Ali A.S. about Jihad, asking how to do it through sword or preaching? Hazrat Ali S.A. answered: Sheath your sword and hold your tongue. "Then how may I do Jihad my lord," asked his disciple with utmost respect? "Let your character speak," answered Hazrat Ali A.S. Kingship is not liked in Islam, for kingship has no kinship or religion but the fulfillment of kings' personal desires. Though, some kings were much too soft like the emperor 'Gul Rukhi' Sikander Lodhi, while fighting for crown against his brother he denied to accept congratulations of

glad tidings from a saintly person at the winning prospects, saying that why you don't say may Allah bless both the brothers with love and peace.

Sani: A great king indeed must be like Salah-ud-Din, Noor-Ud-Din Zangi's and Sher Shah Suri.

Prof: Yes. They were great human beings as well.

Now all are back to their resting places. On the next morning the researcher guests will leave America from Sial International Airport, Sialkot. University chairman, VC, Chair of the English Department and a few teachers would go over there to see them off.

Act IV

Scene III

‘Jhoomer Dance’

in the GIFT University Garden as Farewell

On the next day GIFT University main gate lawn is fully decorated to see off the respected foreign guest researchers with a cultural celebration:

All the worthy guests are seated at a higher stage near the main entrance stairs of the university, on sofas, looking at the performance of Jhoomer dance in the front garden quite an amazing way.

Two drummers are drumming, one with steel plate tied on his drum which he occasionally beats with a steel spoon, Nafeeri and two bag pipers are playing at, standing in the mid, while a number of male students are dancing and moving forward in two big circles, surrounded by the female students who are clapping on this cultural drum beat. This cultural performance is a token of love from the

*university students to see off the foreign research scholars.
It is an indigenous tradition to see off the guests in this
way.*

Act IV

Scene IV

During the informal sitting in the night of Shab Daig, Professor Sadiq Sherwani was especially invited by Amrit Kaur for a tea in the passengers waiting lounge of Sial Airport in private. The Professor is discussing it with his friends about the prospects that what she would like to express. She would say something or may be not anything about his request of love that was made during his stay at the USA, or if she wants to say that she loves or not, or what else is in her mind deeply pricks his heart and soul. He has already faced the difficult situation of being rejected.

Jilted heart

Are you alright?

My friend

Prof: We are in the hell of promises....

In the fake futuristic films...

In the bitter present, with the pleasant reminisce of charming childhood...

My friend I love, though I am in a tangled state of circumstances....

I dream of a beautiful morning moon...

Friends: "A Morning Moon?"

Prof: *(Sings) They all start singing and clapping as the Professor gestures...*

A Virgin at forty,

Calls me at tea...

Wow..... Oh! How...?

They all repeat

Should I go....?

Or... Let go...?

Wow, wow... Yo yo...

Said my friend,

Must you go?

Don't be sheepish or a cow:

Speak your heart,

Whatever though;

The pacific; long held,

Let it flow... Yo, yo...
But how...? But how...?
Go, go... Go, go.
What to do...?
Of her beautiful looks,
Looks are love's shooting arrows.
Hold; forbear; bro,
Go, go... Go, go,
It is challenging though...

Act IV

Scene V

On the way to Sial airport, near Nandi Pur, they are stuck watching a marriage ceremony in quite an indigenous style, a bridegroom leading the marriage guests, his friends dancing in front, while a simply decorated palanquin of the bride is carried along. Nafeeri, clarinet and drums are playing. Currency notes are vailed (Bakhsheesh or tip) by the friends and the other participants.

Meanwhile they request to professor Sadiq to sing a song about the life and its vicissitudes...

He starts singing:

Music...

(Later, they all join him refraining the lines again and again when he gives gesture with hand...)

Zindagi, Zindagi, Zindagi Aeaaa Zindagi!

Kabhi Khushi, Gham kabhi, Tanha tuu milti naheN...

Zindagi, Zindagi, Zindagi Aeaaa Zindagi!

Kabhi Nihan, kabhi Ayan, tuu samajh Aati naheN...

Trans: Life, living and being, O' Life!

There's happiness, sometimes sadness; you never meet alone.

Life, living and being, O' Life!

Sometimes enigmatic, sometimes Open; life's inexplicable.

The caravan moves forward. There they are lined up behind a truck decorated like a bride. They read writing on the back of the truck reading thus:

Mehnti ko kameen kehtay hen,
Bey eman ko zaheen kehtay hen,

Kitney na samajh hen ye log,
Bey hiya ko haseen kehtay hen.

Trans: A hardworking person is called a lowly,
The dishonest is called intelligent,
What an irrational people these are?
To a prostitute they call beautiful.

Act IV

Scene VI

In the waiting lounge, Amrit and Prof Sadiq are talking; for a while they feel a tinge of separation from each other evident on the contours of their faces and shivering hands. However, Sadiq can't say her anything about love. After sometime a pager appears with a message that the plane is ready for boarding. Both of them join the others; all are anxiously waiting for them. Guests are all praises to the University administration for its matchless hospitality. They say they have had a great time here, full of visiting knowledge and human love. They are smiling with eyes full of a pricking burden of leaving the loved ones, though strangers but like human beings as they themselves are, pinching of this feeling is visible on their ruddy faces. Guests are duly checked by airport administration and then they moved towards the place where they would stair up into the plane for their home destination, USA.

While they stair up, they are waving back their hands with love and ecstasy. The flight takes off into the clean April skies of Pakistan. The Professor returns back as if he has

lost his entire world. His face is as yellow as the autumnal leaves, or a desert without a rain.

Janey waley aakhir jatay hen kahaN,
Lakh bulao phir wo aatey hen kahaN,

Sath lamhuN ka ha yadeiN barson ke,
Khoey rastey phir milatey hen kahaN.

Trans: Where do those who leave us go?
Call them millions of times, they never come?

Company of a short life, gives memories of long years,
Once the lost paths are never traced again?

*However, when Professor come scloser to his Range Rover
in a speed like a snail he sees on the rear windshield that is
dusty due to the long travels, written in bold font size...
“Ajjū Darling,” by whom, nobody knows but Sadiq
Sherwani; who is smiling now....*

Act V

Scene I

At Kashana-A-Sadiq, Waniawala

Professor Annette Nasser is coming out of her class-room talking with her students before leaving the university campus early when she notices that a number of police vehicles are escorting a Mercedes in which seems to be some foreigner visitor who has just arrived in the university. She walks towards the parking. As she approaches the parking to get into her own car, she listens to a very soft, polite and known voice calling her by name from behind. When she looks back, she is almost taken aback for there is Professor Amrit Kaur, her friend, her buddy with whom she was not in contact for some months, owing to domestic and professional preoccupations. Both meet as they would die if they'll leave the embrace. They kiss each other's cheeks, forehead and hands. They parted after a long time; their eyes are full of tears, of happiness and of such a sudden meeting.

Amrit: (There is a sign of warm emotions shining in Amrit's eyes when she discloses that) I am no more Amrit Kaur rather I am Hamina Suraj.

Anette: A little bit surprised...That's great. Congratulations. *They hug again.*

Amrit explains saying that...

Hamina: As you know that my father is a Sikh and when I converted from Sikhism to Islam, I preferred Hamina for it is my mother's favorite name.

Anette: I think the love of Professor Sadiq is cherished now?

Hamina: *Looks askance.* Yes, the love has snatched all of me as Sherwani's poetry has caught hold of my being.

I've lost everything for him. A song that was written by Professor for her, haunts her mind and soul as this song plays in her mind's eyes....

Music:

Fasal a Gul ho, baharoN ki aamid ho tummm,
Fasal a Gul ho, baharoN ki aamid ho tum,
Ae bahar-a-chamaN, noubahar-a-chamaN.

Hen chaman mein tumhee say ye beytaabiyaN,
Ghuncha dahnun main hen kitni bey khawabiyaN.

Aa b jaa k nazaron ki aamid ho tummmmm,
Ae bahar a chamaN, noubahar a chamaN.

Husn kiya husn ka istaara ho tum,
Dilko jo Chheen ley wo nazara ho tum,

Dil ki bey Kaifiyun ka sahara ho tummm,
Ae bahar a chaman, noubahar a chaman.
Ae bahar a chaman, noubahar a chaman.

Trans: O' blossom of flowers, you are an incarnation of
spring,

O' blossom of flowers, you are an incarnation of spring,

O' spring of garden, New spring of garden.

There is restlessness in the garden owing to you,

There is too much sleeplessness O' with a mouth like a rose
bud.

Come for you are a forerunner of the scenic beauty,

O' spring of garden, New spring of garden.

O beauty! You are a metaphor of beauty,

A beauty you are that snatches the heart.

you are a colour of the colourless heart,

O' spring of garden, New spring of garden.

O' spring of garden, New spring of garden.

*Her lips murmur, on the tune, along as she listens to the
singing of Professor Sadiq sent to her recorded.*

Hamina: *(Suddenly, asks Anette)* Where you are going now?

Anette: I am leaving to offer my condolences at 'Sadiq's House' as the Professor Khan *Just at the mention of Khan...*

A very strange and confusing idea caught hold of Hamina's mind and under the duress of it she feels great panic and her heart almost comes hanging in her throat like a thistle, a cloud of tears trickles down from her cheeks and she moves swiftly to the car, others follow her and the caravan is on its way to the Khan's village Wania Wala, Mohalla Pathanan near the Upper Chenab canal. They switched on the google location guide map and reached easily there. As they step at the entrance of the graveyard there is a sound of firing in the air with a military commands in a tone, cadence, and snap.

Hamina thinks that Sadiq has served in the army as his forefathers have also been serving since the times immemorial, her heart is throbbing rapidly as it would kick out of her rib cage at any moment, and there is no more talk.

As they approach the Poets corner where there is a crowd of people, and graves of Khan's forefathers are under the open sky, under the shining blue attire of nature.

A squad of soldiers leaves the yard marching out. They rush towards the people, and the people surround them, as they come to know of foreigner's presence, they make the way, and suddenly there appears a man just like Professor Sadiq Sherwani, hundred percent the same, in short beard and long Punjabi moustache....Hamina couldn't believe her eyes.

Hamina: Isn't he the Professor? *She asks to Annette quite amazed? Almost, in a crying voice...*

Anette: Yes, he... yes he's professor Khan...

Hamina rushes towards him, hugs him with utmost warmth.

It is 21st of March, spring is at her peak, and everything blooms with colors, her emotions glow with such a warm astonishing mood that she absorbs in him as the glistening moon dives in the clouds of monsoon.

Act V

Scene II

Hamina and Annette are discussing about life in the university garden:

Anette: How do you say that.... life is this, and life is that?

Hamina: Because I know what is life...? I know life and its vicissitudes... I do also know... What is life in hereafter...?

Anette: *a little surprised*. How do you know about life...? How do you feel if I question you...? I know life better than others because I am a poet.

Hamina: What is poetry, my dear poet?

Anette: What is poetry??

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

(William Blake)

Anette: Now, let me question you what do you know about life...? You are not a writer....?

Hamina: Yess, I'm not a poet or a writer like you and professor Sherwani... But I am a poet's beloved...*ha-ha-ha.*
They laugh together

Professor wrote a couplet for me:

If I am your parish curate,
You are my beloved pirate.

They laugh again...

Anette: You are living in the gardens of paradise.

Where ego fails, love prevails...

In a moment, you can live centuries within a moment...

Hamina: *adds singing:*

This is what you can never buy,
Love a poet and never die.

Let us go along this way,
From this cruel world away.

Life has lost her joyous day,
World's no more safe to stay.

I don't care for a lullaby,
Let me catch a butterfly.

This is what can never buy,
Love a poet and never die.

Anette: Yes...you can say, but listen. Listen to my dear,
Hamina? What would Professor say looking at you or your
eyes? Like this...:

Isn't life a false shadow...?

Our desires, our fate:

All of our struggle, love and hate,
These beautiful pair of eyes,

Ruddy glow on your lips and smiles:

Overwhelming passion and emotions,

Erupting from the heavenly bodies,

While physical world remaining aside:

Isn't life a false shadow...?

Hamina: No, no Annette! When he looks into my eyes he
says:

“O’ My Maddening Monsoon”

Monsoon showers madden me...

Do you know why?

The cause is you:

On my heart's horizons lie,

The beloved tune of you,
And you have a pure love,
More than an innocent dove:
And you have these eyes,
Vaster than the skies,
And you let my garden froze?
When put that thorny rose,
Now in my heart float,
Or in your sketchy boat,
That your visions put in me,
Of your gardens of marigold beauty,
O My darling deer...
O' My dear sweetie!

They are going to receive Professor Sadiq Sherwani from the lawn, where he is busy discussing with his university students. When Hamina and Annette reached near him, he welcomes them and says looking towards Hamina:

I looked around, but couldn't see you,
But when I looked inside me,
I saw you everywhere.

They laugh....

Saadat Ali Khan

Glossary:

1. **Zaildar** was the title of the grand jagirdars of the area, who were in charge of a Zail which was an administrative unit of group of villages 40 – 100 in the sub-continent.
2. **Bara Dari**, is a typical Mughal style building or pavilion with twelve doors designed to allow free flow of air. The structure has three doorways on every side of the square-shaped structure.
3. **Bozkashi**: It is a traditional sport in which horse-mounted players attempt to place a goat or calf carcass in a goal.
4. **Rustam**, Surena an Indo-Partian General who killed Carrasus in the war of Carrhae...)
5. Haider, the Lion of Allah, Ali bin Abu Talib the Muslims legendary hero who killed a number of Arab pagan heroes and he was a man of miraculous knowledge among the companions of the Prophet Muhammad (SAW).
6. Invented by **Amir Khusrau**; a great Turkish-Indian Poet, Minister and musician, **the sitar** is a stringed

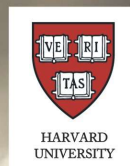
instrument that is commonly used in Hindustani classical music. The sitar has a long neck and a gourd-shaped body, and its strings are plucked with a plectrum.

7. Emperor **Chandragupta** (319–350 CE) freed Indian territories from the Greeks conquered by Alexander and executed some of the governors. These wars may have been the cause of the demise of two of Alexander's governors, Nicanor and Philip. Seleucus I Nicator Greek emperor, one of Alexander's Macedonian generals established the Seleucid Kingdom with its capital at Babylon, brought Persia and Bactria under his own authority, putting his eastern front facing the empire of Chandragupta. Seleucus and Chandragupta fought war until they came to an understanding with each other. Seleucus married off his daughter, Berenice Helena, to Chandragupta to forge an alliance.
8. **Ghazal**, in Islamic literatures, is a genre of lyric poem, it is often short and graceful in form, typically dealing with the themes of love. As a genre the ghazal was developed in Arabia in the late 7th century from the *nasib*, which itself was the often-amorous prelude to the *qaṣīdah* (ode) a Eulogy. Two main types of *ghazal* can be identified, one native to Hejaz, Arabia, the other to Iraq. The *ghazals* by ‘Umar ibn Abī Rabī‘ah (d. c. 712/719) of the Quraysh tribe of Mecca are among the oldest. Ghazal was imitated and it became fashion not only in Arabic but also in Persian, Turkish, and Urdu poetry. This genre is also present in many other literatures of Central and South Asia. Sadi Sherazi (ca. 1184-1291), Rumi (1207–1273),

Khusrau (1253–1325), Hāfez (d. c. 1389/90), are considered among the finest lyric poets of Persian, whose depth of imagery and multilayered metaphors revitalized the *ghazal* and perfected it as a poetic form. However, it was Ghazal in Urdu that it got its highest place and perfection in the hands of great Urdu poets like, Wali Dakni, Khwaja Mir Dard, Rafi, Mir Taqi Mir, Momin, Zauq, Mirza Ghalib, Daagh Dehlavi, Iqbal, Saghir Saddiqi, Faiz, etc. The *ghazal* was nevertheless introduced to Western literature by German Romantics, notably by Schlegel and Goethe. In USA, a number of poets especially Agha Shahid Kashmiri wrote English Ghazals.

9. Sample Jhoomer dance link is as below:

<https://fb.watch/pas5pWHE5R/>



Saadat Ali Khan is renowned for his diverse range of competencies spanning law, and literature, excelling in the field of post-colonial studies and the poetry of the exiles. With deep roots in the city of Gujranwala, he draws inspiration from its rich heritage, both past and present. As a skilled writer, he fearlessly challenges our assumptions and sheds light on forgotten native achievements, leaving no stone unturned in his pursuit of truth and justice. Moreover, his writings retain an indigenous essence, serving as an unparalleled lens through which he envisions the indigenous culture moving through the river of time. In the end, his work is the best introduction to him; not only does it embody his diverse talents, but it is also intimately connected to his own story.



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